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PRUSSIA AND M. DE BISMARCK.

WE are glad to see M. de Bismarck once more prominently before the world. He is one of the most able Ministers in Europe, and is almost the only remaining type of the great and fraudulent Ministers of the eighteenth century, who, contrary to the custom of the present day, never pretended to be governed by any rule but that of expediency. M. de Bismarck never claimed to be considered the advocate of truth or justice. He is simply the firm, unscrupulous advocate of the interests of the Prussian monarchy. He hates the Poles because Prussia possesses a certain amount of territory which the Poles may one day claim, and he is the enemy of the Danes because it suited Prussian policy that Denmark should be dismembered.

Personally, we should like to see Poland re-established, even at the risk of Europe being more or less overturned. But it is not only unfair, it is absurd and idio'ic, not to allow that Prussian and Austrian Ministers must view the Polish question in a manner essentially different from that in which we regard it. To Austria a reconstitution of Poland might not be injurious; to Prussia it would be fatal. Accordingly, M. Bismarck has always frankly, and even cynically, avowed that his desire was to see Poland not revived but finally destroyed. The Minister who tells deputations from the most

important commercial cities in Prussia to mind their own business, and not to presume to meddle in political affairs; who answers his private letters while he is being personally attacked in the Chamber of Deputies; and who loses no opportunity of declaring that he has the interest of the Prussian State at heart, and not that of "Liberalism" in general; such a Minister as this is not likely to sentimentalise on the Polish or on any other question. When M. de Bismarck was invited to take part in the representations addressed to Russia, a year and a half ago, by every Cabinet in Europe except that of Prussia, he candidly said that it was impossible for him to recommend the establishment of any national form of Government in Poland, inasmuch as he had opposed every step in that direction which Russia, during the two preceding years, had taken of her own accord. "If," argued M. de Bismarck, "the Poles obtain a national form of government, they will make national independence their next aim; and Prussia, to protect her Polish provinces, will be obliged to increase her army by 100,000 men."

This was reasonable enough on the part of a Minister whose recognised duty it is not to develop the principle of nationalities or to raise up broken-down States, but to consider above all things the welfare of his own country. The

manager of a private estate does not inquire (he would naturally be discharged if he did) by what right the proprietor who employs him holds his land. If the proprietor has a legal title, recognised by the whole world, that must be enough for his agent; and it is not to be supposed that M. de Bismarck, as the agent of the King of Prussia, will ask—what no other European statesman cares to inquire in the present day—by what title Prussia retains Posen.

M. Bismarck knows Russia and Poland better than any English, French, or Austrian Minister. He was for some time Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, where, together with the Russian language (not generally picked up by diplomatic visitors), he acquired a thorough knowledge of Russian political views. Good or bad, these views were far too liberal for M. de Bismarck.

For Russian politicians, if they possess a grain of intelligence, understand that it would be most desirable for Russia to be able to conciliate her very numerous Polish subjects. Prussia, on the other hand, has only about a million and a half Polish subjects to look after, and does not care to conciliate them, it being for her a much more simple matter to keep them quiet by a system of legal oppression. Moreover, if the position of the Poles under the Russian Government should ever be made tolerable, the Polish subjects of



"THE NURSE."—(FROM A PICTURE BY PILATY, OF MUNICH.)

Prussia would wish to pass under Russian dominion, in order to unite their fate to that of the great body of their fellow-countrymen. Accordingly, it is to the interest of Prussia that the Poles of the kingdom of Poland should be kept in the strictest possible subjection. The slightest concession made to them is a step towards the revival of Polish nationality; and if the Poles ever live again as a nation, M. de Bismarck knows better than anyone that they will attack Prussia, with the view of regaining the Polish territory that Prussia now holds.

Let anyone who pleases blame and abuse M. de Bismarck, but let it also be understood that all he does is to maintain the historical policy of the Prussian State. The very existence of Prussia is based upon fraud, violence, and theft. But, as Prussia *does* exist, it is not for M. de Bismarck to imperil its days. The great mistake made by Englishmen in relation to Prussian affairs is to suppose that Prussian policy, whether external or internal, can ever be liberal. Certain liberal forms may be cultivated; freedom of the press may be proclaimed, without being observed: representative chambers may be established, without any idea being entertained of listening to the representatives on really momentous questions; trial by jury may be introduced, with the important reservation that, in political cases, no juries will be required. In spite of this sham liberalism, Prussia remains in fact a despotism.

We do not understand, for our part, how the government of Prussia could be conducted on any other principles. It has provinces, more or less newly conquered, to keep in subjection; it has ambitious projects, for the execution of which an immense army must be maintained; its paths are by no means those of peace; and that it may pursue these paths with success, it is absolutely necessary that its movements should not be publicly criticised. The system of government in Prussia *needs* improvement in one sense, but it can scarcely be improved. It is a State which has always lived by the sword, and which has more than once been on the point of dying by the sword. If it were to perish to-morrow, Russia, of all States in Europe, would be the only one to lose by its demise. In the meanwhile it exists, it grows, it commits robberies, and it, at the same time, exhibits a certain fancy for Constitutional reforms. Not M. de Bismarck, however. He is a true Prussian; that is to say, he is fully penetrated with the true spirit of the Prussian monarchy. He treats the Prussian Chamber with unvarying contempt, and we are not at all sure that it deserves to be treated in any other manner.

THE NURSE.

AMONGST all the "annals of the poor" there surely are none so painful as the records of that dire necessity which involves the sacrifice even of the tenderest yearnings of natural affection in order to obtain the means to live. The picture from which our Engraving is taken tells such a story with a circumstantial force all the more powerful, inasmuch as it leaves something to the imagination.

Of all those who have seen it from the first hour of its birth there may be none but the mother too regard that poor forsaken infant in any other light than as an intruder upon the world—as an unwelcome visitor whose death would be the only reparation it could decently make for the offence of being born.

There may be another scarcely less pitiful story preceding this—the old tale of misplaced trust, and unscrupulous passion, and final desertion with only that one little living memento of a wrecked love and long-hidden shame. If the mother care not for it, who will waste a sentiment of pity upon the unconscious evidence of disgrace? Happy is it that, miserable, forsaken, humbled, though she may be—full even of deep sense of injury and vague longing for retribution—this weak baby hand can open her heart of hearts and bring a gush of tears as she clasps the weakling to her breast, and, with that inspiration of love which shows its deepest meaning in maternity, cherish it all the more because it is so feeble and so friendless!

Only this can explain the pangs of that hurried, stolen visit; those bitter tears that fall on the ragged coverlid to that mean bed; the cry of agony which greets the almost reproachful look of those blue eyes; the touch of that tiny hand; the yearning love which would lead the mother to abandon the robust infant who has robbed her own little one of its birthright and to risk everything for the sake of that one little neglected life.

Can the old woman who hears that heart-wrung cry appreciate this sudden spasm of pain? Some dim memories of her own youth may come to her as she sees the agony of re-awakened love; but then "it would be a mercy if the little thing should be taken." It may be so; but, when we remember that even the Divine mercy and compassion find no better example by which to illustrate its perfection and its endurance than the love of a mother for her sucking child, there can be little wonder if this nurse should risk all mere worldly profit by returning to the higher duty that calls her in a voice small and still, but not to be stifled without the peril of a lifelong remorse.

GARIBALDI ON RELIGIOUS FAITH.—The Italian journals publish the text of a letter lately addressed by Garibaldi to a member of the University of Pisa. It is a kind of profession of religious faith, and is couched in the following terms:—"You ask me what are the best means of instructing your young pupils. You must rear them in the love of whatever is true. As I gaze into space and give the reins to my imagination, I perceive the works of the Almighty, as well as the mathematical harmony with which they are contrived and move: this announces a supreme Artificer. Animated with this faith, unable to circumscribe my being in a material existence which is repugnant to me, and anxious to satisfy the innate instinct of the immortality of the soul, I love to indulge in the ennobling and beneficial thought that my mind, though infinitely small, may form part of the infinite intelligence which presides over the universe; and here I do not dogmatise. I express my faith, and if anyone can teach me something better I shall be eager to believe it."

QUEER WILLS.—Here is a singular verbal bequest made by an old Scotch Judge, Lord Forglen, who died in 1727, taken from a volume privately printed by Lord Houghton:—"Dr. Clerk, who attended Lord Forglen, told James Boswell's father, Lord Auchinleck, that, calling on his patient the day his Lordship died, he was let in by his clerk, David Reid. 'How does my Lord do?' inquired Dr. Clerk. 'I hope he's well!' answered David, with a solemnity that told what he meant. He then conducted the doctor into a room, and showed him two dozen of wine under a table. Other doctors presently came in, and David, making them all sit down, proceeded to tell them his master's last words, at the same time pushing the bottle about briskly. After the company had taken a glass or two, they rose to depart, but David detained them. 'Na, na, gentlemen, not so. It was the expressed will of the deceased that I should fill ye a' foul, and I maun fulfil the will o' the dead.' All the time the tears were streaming down his cheeks. 'And, indeed,' said the doctor afterwards in telling the story, 'he did fulfil the will o' the dead, for before the end o' there was nae ane of us able to bite his ain thoomb!'" This pious fulfilment o' the will of the dead reminds us of the notorious Asgill (the story is not told by Mr. Chambers), who was appointed by Dr. Barbon, the builder, of Essex-street, Strand, New-square, Lincoln's Inn, and other streets of the same date, to be his executor, in order that his creditors might not be paid. When Barbon died Asgill called the creditors together in Lincoln's Inn Hall, read the will to them, and declared he should religiously attend to the wishes of the deceased.—*Times*.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Chambers are to meet on the 15th of February, and preparations are already being made for the event in the hall of the Louvre, where the ceremonial is to take place. The coming Session is looked forward to with much expectation as one likely to be peculiarly fruitful in administrative reforms. Great projects of decentralisation are believed to be in preparation.

M. Béthmont, the Opposition candidate, has been elected member of the Corps Legislatif for Rochefort by 13,000 votes against 9000 obtained by the Government candidate.

The Schleswig-Holstein question, it is understood, has been made the subject of a despatch from M. Drouyn de Lhuys to the Courts of Vienna and Berlin. The principle of non-intervention, on the part of France, is said to be reiterated in the present official communication. Austria, it would appear, has not closed the bargain which was to hand over the duchies to Prussia for a consideration. From some cause, the negotiations on that point have had an unsuccessful issue.

SPAIN.

The Paris *Patrie* states that the Spanish frigate Numancia will not sail for the Pacific, her departure having been countermanded in consequence of the receipt of more peaceful news from Peru.

ITALY.

The Minister of Finance has made his statement for 1865. It is not a very favourable exposition, but is certainly better than alarmists had prognosticated.

The bishops have, it seems, opened a pretty active fire upon the Government because of the prohibitory circular with reference to the encyclical. The *Diritto* of Turin states, however, that the Government is determined to take energetic measures to prevent the laws from being disobeyed. Bishops and curés who publish the encyclical without permission are to have proceedings taken against them.

AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Government has notified to the Lower Chamber of the Reichsrath its willingness to adopt the recommendation of the House for reductions in the Budget for 1865. The Ministers were very lately understood to be strongly opposed to such a concession, and it is stated that it was the personal wish of the Emperor himself which caused the demands of the Chamber to be thus far complied with.

An Imperial rescript orders an assembly of the highest functionaries of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia, for the purpose of discussing the manner in which the Diet of those provinces is to be chosen in the spring. It is stated that the summoning of the Croatian Diet is to be only a preliminary to the convening of the Hungarian. But we hear from many sources that there is not the slightest chance of the Magyars relinquishing the position in regard to the old Constitution of Hungary, which they maintained so firmly in the last Diet.

PRUSSIA.

The Upper House of the Prussian Parliament adopted the address to the Crown, on Tuesday, by 84 against 6 votes. The vote was preceded by a speech from Herr von Bismarck, who talked to the Lords and at the Commons. He declared that the latter had abandoned the path of compromise, and that an alteration in the Royal scheme for the reorganisation of the army was impossible. He declined to enter into any detailed statement regarding the policy of the Government in foreign affairs; but declared, generally, that the interests of the country would be maintained, and that the blood of Prussian soldiers would not have been shed in vain. One sentence which dropped from him was rather ominous as regards the duchies. He observed that, if the Federal Diet had been allowed to carry on the war, even with Prussia as its soldier, it never would have taken into consideration, as Austria was willing to do, the plans of the Prussian Government for the reorganisation of Schleswig-Holstein.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The war between Paraguay and Brazil has been begun by the bombardment of the town of Paysandu by the gun-boats of the latter Power on the 6th of December. The adherents of General Flores (who are denominated "rebels" and "guerrillas") also attacked the town by land; but, it is said, were repulsed, though the town was seriously damaged. The fighting on land continued for several days; the bombardment was discontinued on the remonstrance of the commanders of the English, French, and Spanish vessels on the station. The casualties had been severe on both sides.

JAPAN.

The peaceful course of affairs has again been imperilled by the murder, at Yokohama, of two British officers. Our Minister had demanded the arrest and punishment of the assassins—a demand with which the authorities showed a disposition to comply.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

Our intelligence from New York only reaches to the 11th inst., for at the time we write the steamer due on Wednesday has not arrived. No fresh military movement of any importance had been made; but there were rumours of Federal expeditions on a large scale, to be led by Generals Sherman and Thomas. The former is to operate in Georgia and North Carolina; and another attempt to take Wilmington is to be made, a land force being sent from Newbern to attack the city in the rear while a combined naval and military force operates against Fort Fisher. General Thomas was concentrating his troops on the Tennessee, with the view of making a campaign through Mississippi and Alabama. The Confederates were preparing to meet these aggressions, and it was rumoured that General Lee had been placed in command of all the Confederate forces, and that, putting Beauregard in command of the defences of Richmond, he himself intended to go and confront Sherman. General Hood was re-forming his army and getting in readiness to meet Thomas or operate against Sherman.

Butler had been removed from his command and ordered to report himself at Lowell. Various charges, military and civil, had been brought against him, and his disgrace appeared complete.

The committee of investigation into the cause of the failure of the springing of the mine before Petersburg had exonerated General Burnside, and blamed Generals Grant and Meade.

Mr. Blair had succeeded in obtaining a Confederate pass, and was on his way to Richmond on a peace mission; his undertaking, however, is unofficial, and the Federal authorities have taken the precaution to declare their entire ignorance of the matter.

A bill passed by the Federal Senate emancipates the wives and children of coloured soldiers.

THE POWDER-MILLS AT AUGUSTA.—The largest powder-mills in the South are at Augusta. They, as well as the arsenal, are under the superintendence of Colonel Rains, who is inexhaustible in his ingenious contrivances to overcome the wants of hundreds of things necessary to his manufacture, and yet hardly to be procured in the South. The mills turn out 8400 lbs. of powder in thirteen hours. In fifteen hours over 10,000 lbs. have been made. They began to work on April 27, 1862, and since then 1,500,000 lbs. of powder have been sent to Richmond alone. At the present time most of the powder is sent to Charleston, which, with its many heavy guns, consumes an enormous amount. Percussion-caps used to be imported from the North, and we saw a lot which had been manufactured at some place in Connecticut, but they are already independent of the enemy for this important article. At one time so many were sent from the North that they were absolutely a drug in the market. The charcoal is excellent, being made of cotton-wood, a sort of white poplar, which has no knots like the willow. Of sulphur they had large stores when the war commenced; and saltpetre is imported a good deal through the blockade. The powder magazines are under ground, and are, moreover, divided above ground by thick brick traverses. The roofs are of zinc, and very light; so that if one magazine blows up it cannot set fire to its neighbours.—*Blackwood's Magazine for January*.

DEATH OF M. PROUDHON.

M. PIERRE JOSEPH PROUDHON, the once famous representative, socialist, and political writer, is now no more, having died last week at the age of fifty-six. His birthplace is Besançon, where he first saw the light as the son of a poor cooper, though descended from one of the branches of the family of the celebrated jurisconsult of the same name. By the benevolence of some charitable persons he was enabled to attend the college of his native town; but, notwithstanding the zeal he displayed, and his evident aptitude for study, he was soon removed and apprenticed to a printer. By determined labour and continued privation he was enabled to assist his parents and recommend his education, so unfortunately interrupted.

His literary talent was soon afterwards displayed by the production of several works, amongst others, an essay on grammar, which met with but a poor sale, though it was so highly esteemed by the Besançon Academy that the conductors of the institution granted him the triennial pension of 1500f. founded by Mme. Saard. Finding himself thus in possession of unheeded pecuniary resources, M. Proudhon proceeded to Paris, where he wrote some articles for a Catholic encyclopaedia, among others an essay on apostasy and one on the "Apocalypse," and addressed to the Besançon Academy his "Defence of the Celebration of Sunday," and also his famous production entitled "Quest-ce que la Propriété?" which was printed in Paris and passed through numerous editions. None of his works met with so much criticism as this, and none, indeed, challenged so much discussion. It is entirely devoted to the development of the axiom enunciated by the writer, and placed at the commencement of his pages, "La Propriété, c'est le Vol" ("Property is Robbery"). For a time this production was unnoticed except by the Academy, which, to mark its sense of the iniquity of the principles sought to be inculcated, severely censured the writer and withdrew the pension accorded to him. He was also about to be prosecuted for the work, but M. Blanqui, having been delegated to examine the incriminated essay, declared that he found in it nothing reprehensible. This considerate judgment was rewarded by M. Proudhon dedicating to M. Blanqui a second essay on the same subject, and in which the doctrine put forward in the first edition was sustained by new arguments.

In 1842 he was arraigned before the Court of Assizes at Besançon to answer for having written a third pamphlet, entitled a "Notice to Property-holders," but he was acquitted; and in the same year, abandoning the printing business, with which he had hitherto been connected, he undertook the direction of an enterprise for conveying goods on the Saône and Rhône. He continued thus engaged till 1847, pursuing, at the same time, his philosophical studies and labours, the result of which was the publication of two of his principal productions, "The Creation of Order in Humanity," and "System of Economical Contradictions," in which he vigorously opposed the utopian reformers as well as the economists of the English school. A work relative to the solution of the social problem, by the organisation of credit and monetary circulation, appeared in 1848, when the Revolution broke out, and M. Proudhon was suddenly thrown into the midst of the exciting struggles and events which soon succeeded each other, although at first he acted with great prudence and hesitated to give his full confidence to the leaders of the movement.

On April 1 of the eventful year M. Proudhon undertook the editorship of the *Représentant du Peuple*, a daily journal, which was suspended in the succeeding August, but which during its brief career undoubtedly contained articles written in a highly vigorous, if not prudent, style. His popularity became so great that, at the final election in June, he was returned as representative of the Seine by 77,094 votes. At the Constituent Assembly he affected the greatest disdain for political forms, and stood his ground boldly as chief of a section, only taking part in the discussions when an opportunity occurred to point out the emptiness or puerility of the arguments. After having voted with the Right against the abolition of the penalty of death on July 31, he brought forward his famous proposition relative to the imposta on the revenue, by which in the name of the proletariat, he sought the immediate liquidation of property, which, according to his system, he would have transformed into transitory and individual possessions. This proposition was rejected by 691 votes, and was stigmatised as "an odious attempt on public principles of morality and an appeal to the worst passions."

After having met with repeated failures in the attempt to propagate his principles in the tribune, M. Proudhon resumed the pen and founded three daily journals, which soon succumbed to the repeated condemnations which they met with, though the fines imposed were paid by the subscriptions of a large section of the French people, who thought they saw in their champion the personification of the Revolution of February. His speeches and his pamphlets calculated to subvert political and social order were sold by thousands; but his specious arguments did not remain unanswered, for among their opponents were M.M. Thiers, Bastiat, Alphonse Karr, and others, aided in their task by the great caricaturist, Cuam, in the *Charivari*. Passing from theory to practice, M. Proudhon founded, in 1849, the People's Bank, a commercial society, with a capital of 5,000,000f., which was destined to effect the abolition of interest, the gratuitous circulation of securities, and, by consequence, the suppression of capital. Notwithstanding the palpable insecurity of the commercial basis on which this bank was founded, and the repeated attacks of the journals, subscriptions were paid into the concern; but it never came into extended operation, as its founder was condemned to three years' imprisonment for an offence against the press laws, and was compelled to take to flight, and the doors were closed by official authority. After having resided some years at Geneva with M. Fazy, he returned and gave himself up, when he was incarcerated at St. Pelagie, and where, singular enough, he married, in 1850, the daughter of a commission agent.

He continued his literary labours, and on regaining his liberty, in 1852, retired into private life, amusing his leisure by writing a satirical work against speculators and speculators, and also a voluminous book dedicated to the Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon, and, in his person, to all the French clergy, treating of "Justice in the Revolution and in the Church," and enunciating new principles of practical philosophy. This work was immediately seized, and the author was condemned to three years' imprisonment and a fine of 4000f. He took refuge in Belgium, but at the end of 1860 the pains and penalties he had incurred were remitted.

FEMALE VOTERS.—The new Electoral Law in the colony of Victoria gives votes to all women who pay municipal rates, and at the last election they availed themselves of their new power. It is reported that they voted "very well," favoured "educated candidates," as might have been expected, women being born aristocrats; "gave plumpers," which was natural, as they could no more admire two candidates than two curates at once; and "despised the ballot," which was inevitable, as they never show cowardice except in presence of a noisy danger.

CHINESE DINNER.—A traveller recently arrived from Pekin gives the following description of a Chinese dinner:—"The first course consisted of a kind of square tower formed of slices of breast of goose and of a fish, which the Chinese call 'cow's head,' with a large dish of hashed tripe and hard eggs of a dark colour preserved in lime. Next came grains of pickled wheat and barley, shellfish unknown in Europe, enormous prawns, preserved ginger, and fruits. All these are eaten with ivory chopsticks, which the guests bring with them. On grand occasions the first dish is always birds' nest soup, which consists of a thick gelatinous substance. Small cups are placed round the tureen, each containing a different kind of sauce. The second course was a ragout of sea-snails. At Macao these are white, but at Ningpo they are green, viscous, and slippery, by no means easy to pick up with small sticks. Their taste resembles that of the green fat of turtle. The snails were followed by a dish of fish covering the skull of sturgeons, which is very costly, as several heads are required to make even a small dish. Next was a dish of sharks' fins mixed with slices of pork, and a crab salad; after these a stew of plums and other fruit, the acidity of which is considered a corrective for the viscous fat of the fish; then mushrooms, pulse, and ducks' tongues, which last are considered the ne plus ultra of Chinese cookery; deer's tendons—a Royal dish which the Emperor himself sends as a present to his favourites; and Venus's ears—a kind of uncouth shellfish; lastly, boiled rice, served in small cups, with sautéed beans preserved in spirits, and other condiments. Last of all tea was served."

IRELAND.

THE NAPOLEONS IN THE LAW COURTS.—The Lord Chancellor pronounced a decree last week on the petition of Mr. Napoleon A. Bonaparte Wyse, eldest son of the late Sir Thomas Wyse, praying for a specific performance of certain marriage articles on the occasion of the marriage of the deceased, at Paris, with Madame Letitia Bonaparte. The object of the petitioner was to establish his right to the estates of his father in the Queen's county and the county of Waterford. There is another suit pending as to the amount of jointure to which Madame Wyse is entitled, but that is not affected by the decree.

ILLEGALITY OF MONASTIC ORDERS.—The Lord Chancellor and the Lord Justice of Appeal have just given judgment in a case arising out of a bequest to monastic institutions, which has taken many very much by surprise, and involves questions and interests of vast importance. Michael John Sims, of Cork, made a will, dated the 15th of November, 1861, in which he bequeathed to the Rev. R. White and the Rev. B. T. Russell, of St. Saviour's Catholic Church, Dublin, the sum of £500, to be applied as they should deem best for the education and maintenance of two priests of the Order of St. Dominic in Ireland; also £500 to the Rev. P. T. Conway, of St. Mary's Priory, Cork. The Lord Chancellor and the Lord Justice of Appeal pronounced the bequests to be void, not upon any technical defect, or by analogy, but because the purposes for which those bequests were given in trust are illegal and directly prohibited by statute. The Emancipation Act declares it a misdemeanour for any person to found, or enter into, Jesuit or other religious orders, and provides for their gradual extinction. It imposes highly penal consequences on those who contravene or resist its operation. "The misdemeanour so committed (said the Lord Chancellor) is of the highest class known to the law." The bequest in the case accordingly, as one enabling a person to fly in the face of an Act of Parliament, was absolutely void.

DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—Great preparations are already being made by the Executive Committee for the musical part of the opening ceremony, on the 9th of May. The orchestra will be arranged after the model of the one at Birmingham. The organ, which will be very large and complete, is building by Messrs. W. Hill and Son, of London. The number of performers will reach 1000, and the whole will be under the direction of Mr. Joseph Robinson. It is intended to make the music, on this occasion, as great a success as it was at the opening of the first Irish Industrial Exhibition at Dublin, on the 12th of May, 1853. Vocalists are to be invited and selected from the choirs in Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, Birmingham, and other towns and districts within easy travelling distance of Dublin.

SCOTLAND.

OUTRAGEOUS AGENTS OF HYMEN.—A drunken shepherd and a labourer went late in the evening to the house of the Rev. Dr. Wyllie, at Elgin, with the view of getting him to fix an hour on the following day to tie the nuptial knot for a friend. They were both intoxicated. The doctor expressed himself quite satisfied with the papers, but not with the men, and requested them to call next morning, and he would arrange with them. But this did not meet the views of these messengers, for the more valiant of the two at once seized the doctor by the collar, and told him that he must fix the time now, as they had encountered offsets enough; and, if he was not prepared to do so, he must prepare to fight. At this juncture the doctor was dragged out of the house, his assailant throwing off his own coat and urging him, in not very complimentary terms, to do the same, and "fight like a man." In the struggle the doctor's watch was dragged from his pocket, the buttons torn from his vest and shirt; but, otherwise, we are glad to say, he escaped any serious injury. Fortunately the police made their appearance.

GREAT CONFLAGRATION IN GLASGOW.—On Monday the Port Dundas Sugar Refinery, belonging to Messrs. Murdoch and Doddrell, was destroyed by fire, the property and stock which were consumed amounting in value to between £40,000 and £50,000. The extensive works are situated on the north side of the canal bank, the sugar-refinery which has been destroyed forming the central block of a long range of buildings belonging to the company. The fire broke out shortly after noon in the second story of the refinery, near some pans at the back part of the building, and, although every effort was made by the workmen present to extinguish the flames, they were unsuccessful, and before the lapse of forty minutes the refinery was on fire from top to bottom. The building is about 200 ft. long, by between 50 ft. and 60 ft. broad, and six stories in height, and at the north end are situated the char-kilns, boiler-house, and engine-house; while at the south side of the refinery are situated the extensive stores belonging to the firm. Fortunately, the firemen were successful in preventing the flames from spreading to the north and south wings in connection with the refinery. No fewer than ten branches of hose were brought to play upon the burning mass; but, the contents of the structure being of such an inflammable character, the fire obtained such a mastery that all efforts to subdue the flames proved futile, and they continued to rage with unabated fury for several hours. The sugar liquor in course of preparation ran like a small stream into the canal. It was fortunate, indeed, that the day was quite calm, otherwise the destruction of property must have been much more extensive. The damage, as is stated above, amounts to between £40,000 and £50,000; but this large sum is spread over some ten or twelve insurance offices. The insurance will cover the whole damage.

THE PROVINCES.

A LAWYER'S JOKE.—A cause in which a debt of £10 was involved was heard at the Hull County Court last week, before Mr. W. Raines, the Judge. Mr. Stead appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Mackrill for the defendant, and after the case was gone into it appeared that the money was owing, and the question arose as to the time it should be paid. Mr. Mackrill said that his client would pay the money as soon as he got out of the troubles in which he was involved.—His Honour: Then when am to order the money to be paid? Mr. Mackrill: The day after the day of judgment, if you please.—His Honour: Well, judgment is to day, so I'll order the amount to be paid to-morrow. Mr. Mackrill asked for some respite, as his client was out of town. Mr. Stead objected to this, as they could not be sure of making anything out of the verdict if time was allowed. His Honour thought that Mr. Mackrill had obtained judgment on his own terms, and ought to rest satisfied. Order accordingly.

A RAILWAY ROMANCE.—An incident of an amusing though rather singular nature occurred some few days back on the London and South-Western Railway. A gentleman, whose place of residence is Maple Derwell, near Basingstoke, got into a first-class carriage at the Waterloo terminus with the intention of proceeding home by one of the main line down-trains. His only fellow-passenger in the compartment were a lady and infant and another gentleman; and thus things remained till the arrival of the train at Walton, where the other gentleman left the carriage, leaving the first gentleman with the lady and child. Shortly after the train reached the Weybridge station, and on its stopping the lady, under the pretence of looking for her servant or carriage, requested her male fellow-passenger to hold the infant for a few moments while she went in search for what she wanted. The bell rang for the starting of the train, and the gentleman thus strangely left with the baby began to get rather fidgety and anxious to return his charge to the mother. The lady, however, did not again put in an appearance, and the train went on without her, the child remained with the gentleman, who, on arriving at his destination, took the child home to his wife, and explained the circumstances under which it came into his possession. No application has at present, it is understood, been made for the "lost child," which has for the nonce been adopted by the gentleman and his wife, who, it is said, are without any family of their own.

DETERMINED SUICIDE OF A BOY.—A boy named John Frewings, thirteen years old, the son of a gravedigger, was playing at marbles on Saturday last with a brother younger than himself, when the boys quarrelled over the game, and the deceased went away in angry dudgeon. He was missed from home, and his parents, becoming alarmed, searched for him in every place they could think of during the night, but without success. The search was renewed on Sunday, and continued all day. In the evening, however, the father, with a police-constable, as a last resource, looked into chapel in the cemetery, and there they found the boy hanging by a rope on a staple-bolt behind the door, and quite dead. It was evident that he had perpetrated suicide in the most deliberate manner. A stool on which he had mounted was lying near, where it had been kicked away when he had committed the act. This chapel had been locked on Friday night, and the key was hung in the father's cottage. It had apparently not been removed. The boy must have gone home and fetched the key, had opened the chapel, and then replaced the key in the usual place at home, returning to the chapel, where he carried out his determination, after having fetched a ladder from an open grave close by, and by its means obtained a sashline from the window. The verdict was to the effect that the boy committed suicide while of unsound mind.

RAILWAY COLLISIONS.—On Saturday afternoon last a frightful railway collision took place about two miles from Bolton. A luggage-train ran into a passenger-train, and the engines became so interlocked that three other engines were kept working for three hours before they could be extricated. The damage to the trains was the least part of the mischief done. Three railway servants were killed, and several of the passengers more or less injured.—On Tuesday morning a collision on the Great Western Railway took place near the Didcot Junction. To avoid the curve in the line to Oxford, immediately after leaving that junction, a loop line was constructed some time ago; and the northern trains, which are not timed to stop at that station, pass along the loop, which is about half a mile in length, and commences just as Didcot station is reached. On Tuesday morning, between two and three o'clock, a narrow-gauge goods-train passed safely down the loop line at full speed, and when it had reached the main line it ran with immense force into an up narrow-gauge goods-train, completely cutting the train into two parts, and causing an amount of damage which will entail considerable loss to the company. The up narrow-gauge train was also proceeding at full speed, and should have been turned on to the up-line of the loop; but, from some unaccountable cause, the switchman sent the train along the main line, and the consequence was that

the down train ran into it. As it was dark at the time, the drivers of the respective trains were utterly ignorant of the approaching danger, and, therefore, the collision was most fearful. Several trucks were thrown upon each other and shattered to splinters, whilst the engine was forced completely over one of the trucks; and seven bullocks, which were being conveyed to the London market, were dreadfully mangled, the poor beasts being jammed in among the debris. In this deplorable state they remained until daylight, when they were drawn out and put to death. Besides the trucks that were piled high in the air, eleven or twelve others were smashed, and the engine and tender were considerably damaged. Immediately it became known that the collision had occurred, telegrams were despatched to Paddington, Oxford, Swindon, and Reading, and a body of labourers was sent from Paddington by a special train, and by daylight several hundred men were engaged clearing the line; but the work was of a difficult character, and the whole of the northern traffic had to be worked upon the down line. The trains were of course delayed. On Thursday morning, at about five o'clock, an engine and tender standing on the line at East Croydon was run into by a South-Eastern up goods-train. The only person injured was the engine-driver, and he was only slightly wounded. The accident arose from some misunderstanding about the signals. The trucks and their contents were much damaged, and the traffic was to some extent delayed.

THE FACTORY ACT IN BIRMINGHAM.—On Tuesday a meeting was held in Birmingham for the purpose of considering the application of the Factory Acts to the branches of trade in that district in which women and children are employed. Mr. J. S. Wright, button-manufacturer, stated that there were 40,000 individuals to whom the Acts would apply, and entered at considerable length into the consideration of the entire question. He and several speakers who followed him were favourable to the introduction of the Acts into that locality, but desired that certain modifications should be made, as it would be a great blow to the prosperity of the poorer classes if women and children were at once to have a considerable portion of their earnings cut off. The following resolution was passed:—"That a committee be appointed to take into consideration any measure that may be introduced into Parliament for the regulation of the manufactures of Birmingham and the district, and to use the means necessary to obtain such a modification as may be required to adapt the measure to the traders of the locality."

VICTORIA LABOUR MARKET.—During the month of October last there arrived in the colony of Victoria 2665 persons, of whom 916 were from the United Kingdom, and the remaining 1749 from other places. The number of departures from the colony was 1304, of whom 127 were for the United Kingdom. The current rates of wages ranged from £30 per annum for single farm labourers to £60 for married labourers without children, and from £15 for nursesmaids to £35 for cooks.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—On the 14th of December a large black retriever dog was running about mad in the streets of Greenwich. He bit two boys, one named Rivers, since dead, a Greenwich pensioner, and several dogs. A police-constable, with great courage, followed up the infuriate animal and killed him. Rivers was taken to the hospital, and the bitten part was excised; but on Friday week he showed symptoms of hydrophobia, and died on Tuesday. The other boy's wound was cauterised, and he is doing well.

GENERAL BUTLER'S RETREAT FROM WILMINGTON.—An anonymous admirer of General Butler has sent us the following lines:—

Two warriors said—and who'll gainsay?—
That he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.
But Yankee Butler doth surpass
That valiant hero Hudibras;
For Butler holds that it is right
To run away before you fight;
Since he who doth the battle stay
May never live to run away!

THE GHOST OF SAMUEL BUTLER.
Wilmington, Christmas Day.—*Index.*

LIFE-BOAT INTELLIGENCE.—The National Life-boat Institution has voted £40 in aid of the local subscription now raising for the benefit of the widow and three young children of William Hughes, who unhappily perished by being thrown out of the Holyhead life-boat, on the 14th inst., when a furious hurricane broke the clamp of the mainmast of the boat, thereby causing her to capsize. The life-boat was returning to the shore after having saved the schooner Henry Holman, of Plymouth, and her crew of eight men, from destruction. Captain R. Tryon, R.N., has collected in Bristol £628 3s. 10d. to defray the entire cost of a life-boat station. The National Life-boat Institution has decided on renovating completely the Padstow life-boat establishment, on the Cornish coast, with the money thus so benevolently collected by Captain Tryon. The late Prince Consort had granted his special permission that the small life-boat previously at Padstow should be called the Albert Edward, after the Prince of Wales. On the very day (Nov. 9, 1862) that his Royal Highness came to his majority that life-boat saved a shipwrecked crew, and the citizens of Bristol have desired that their life-boat should also be called the Albert Edward. The boat has already rendered good service to vessels in distress.

WRECK OF THE LELIA.

THE Lelia, which was wrecked near the mouth of the Mersey during the recent gale, was a paddle-wheel steamer of 1000 tons (builders' measurement), fitted with engines of 300-horse power nominal. She was 265 ft. long, 30 ft. broad, and 15 ft. deep. She was built of great length, with a view to the requirements of blockade-running, for which service she was intended; and was on a voyage to Madeira, Bermuda, and Wilmington, under the command of Captain Skinner, when the disaster occurred. The following details of the wreck have been gathered from the survivors:—The Lelia left the Mersey at eight o'clock on Saturday morning, the 13th inst. The wind was blowing a gale from the north-west, and a tremendous sea was running at the time. She got abreast of Orme's Head about two o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the sea was running so heavily that the steamer was "slowed" for the purpose of taking the anchor in for fear they should be lost. When the anchors were got on board the Lelia shipped a heavy sea, which knocked the pea of one of the arms of the anchor through the deck. The iron covering of a small scuttle in the fore part of the vessel was then washed away, and the Lelia shipped a succession of seas, which soon filled the foremost part of the vessel. Two men, named Brodey and Currey, were steering at the time, and in a few minutes they discovered that the steamer would not answer her helm. They then told the pilot that they thought the vessel was filling with water, and orders were given to have her speed still further slackened, for the purpose of discovering, if possible, where the water was getting in. This could not be done, as the decks were flooded, and presently another sea broke over her, smashing the forward hatches; another sea lifted the anchor from the portion of the deck in which it was imbedded, and again sent the sea through with tremendous force. Attempts were then made to change the position of the steamer for the purpose of running her back, but she refused to answer her helm. At this time she was about six miles west of the north-west light-ship. She came up to the sea and lay a helpless body. She rapidly filled with water, and in a very few minutes her forward compartments had sunk and her stern was raised high out of the water. Orders were then given for her boats, four in number, to be lowered. Captain Sinclair, an agent of the Confederate Government, the two pilots, and several of the passengers, got into the first boat, which was almost immediately swamped, and the whole of her crew were lost. The port quarter boat was next lowered in the waist, and was filled by twelve of the crew. Amongst the crew in the boat was the steward, who fell overboard, but after some difficulty was rescued by his comrades. This boat was lowered on the weather side, and after many fruitless attempts she was got round, and just as she came by the quarter the other quarter boat was lowered, and the two came into collision. Eighteen men got into the third boat, and while it was hanging in the tackles the seaman named Brodey asked Captain Skinner if he would go in the boat. He said, "Yes, Brodey; you go down first, and I will follow you." This, however, he was unable to do, as a heavy sea washed the boat from the steamer. A fourth boat was lowered from the starboard waist, but that was immediately upset, and it was supposed that she sank under the paddle-boxes. At this time only the captain and the man named Currey were left on board the steamer. They were on the port side of the tackles, close to the water. It was supposed that there was a small life-boat on board at this time, but none of the survivors appeared to have seen it, owing to the tremendous sea which was running, and the pitchy darkness by which they were surrounded. In the boat containing eighteen of the crew was Mr. Thomas Miller, the builder of the Lelia, who pulled an oar from the time the boat left the steamer until she arrived at the light-ship. When they got close underneath the light-ship two lines were thrown to them. At this time the second mate was steering the boat. She got underneath

the stern of the light-ship, when a heavy sea caught her athwart and capsized her, and all hands were immersed in the water. Four of the crew—two men and two boys—got on the top of the keel. The two men succeeded in reaching one of the other boats that had come alongside, containing twelve men, but the two boys were drifted away, and nothing more was seen of them. A number of lines were thrown to the two boats, and by these means the whole of the crew of the last-named boat, with the exception of four, were pulled on board the light-ship. The four men drowned jumped overboard for the purpose of getting hold of the lines, being under the apprehension that the boat would capsize and they would be lost. Mr. Miller had hold of one of the lines until the boat in which he was got close to the light-ship, when, evidently from sheer exhaustion, he let go his hold and was battling with the raging sea. He succeeded in clutching Brodey by the collar, and the mate of the ship also seized Brodey by the leg. The men on board the light-ship lowered a lifebuoy, and Brodey, having got inside, placed his arms across it. Mr. Miller still clung to him, but the mate had released his hold. The crew of the light-ship, with a view of pulling the three men on board, attempted to reef the line through a block, but in so doing they slackened the rope down into the water, and Mr. Miller let go his hold and sunk, Brodey alone being rescued from a watery grave. Altogether twelve of the crew and passengers were saved; but it is believed that forty-four persons perished.

We have already stated that a life-boat, dispatched from Liverpool to rescue the twelve men from the light-ship, was capsized and seven of her crew of eleven were men drowned. This boat, we understand, did not belong to the National Life-boat Institution.

THE NEW CIGAR-SHAPED YACHT.

DURING the past seven years a large number of experiments have been made in the construction of vessels of a spindle shape, the cross-sections of which formed in every part a perfect circle; and the Messrs. T. and W. L. Winans, whose latest effort is represented in our Engraving, have been principally instrumental in bringing about a satisfactory result.

As early as 1858 they commenced a series of experiments at Baltimore for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of water friction sustained by surfaces of different smoothness and at different speeds, the relative resistance of vessels of various speeds and proportions, and the advantages to be obtained from the spindle form as compared with the ordinary build. In the following year, as the result of these experiments, they built a vessel of the spindle form, with a single large propeller placed amidships; and, during the years 1860 and 1861, this strange craft was tested, both as to speed and seaworthiness, in all kinds of weather. A second trial-boat was built at St. Petersburg in 1861, with a submerged screw-propeller at the stern, similar to those used in ordinary screw-steamer, and the results of this have been so satisfactory during a long series of experiments, that Messrs. Winans have now completed a third (that represented in our Engraving), which was built at the yard of Mr. John Hepworth, in the Isle of Dogs.

The present vessel, which is of considerably increased power and dimensions, is constructed with two propellers, one at each end, and its deep displacement is as much as 500 tons.

The length is 256 ft., the breadth 16 ft., and the depth, which is, of course, the same as the breadth, 16 ft.; the transverse section of the hull representing a perfect circle in every part of its length and longitudinally exhibiting the arcs of a circle of 1028 ft. radius. The length of the hull in proportion to the beam is sixteen times, or about double, the proportion used in ordinary shipbuilding, but it must be remembered that one fourth of its length at each end projects beyond the deck and bulwarks: a peculiarity which gives very fine lines to the hull, while it leaves the deck and bulwarks so far from the ends that there is little liability of its shipping seas.

The top of the vessel is strengthened for 130 ft. amidships by four longitudinal ribs of steel, which, while they support the deck, render the top as strong to resist thrust and tension as the bottom, and the vessel is divided into eighteen water-tight compartments by bulkheads and iron lower-decks. These, with iron ribs running around the vessel, 4 in. deep and 3 ft. apart in the engine and boiler room, and 7 in. deep and 6 ft. apart in other places, answer the same purpose as the numerous ribs used in ordinary ship-building. The skin-plates at the bottom and sides are of iron, but those on the top are of toughened steel, the former being five eighths of an inch thick amidships, and diminishing gradually to three eighths at the ends; the bottom is strengthened by a plate of iron outside the skin-plates, 1 in. thick and tapering from 33 in., which is its breadth amidships, to a point towards the ends. The thickness of the top steel plates diminishes from 5-16 in. to 3 in. The entire workmanship of the hull appears to be of equal solidity and exactness to that applied to the manufacture of locomotive boilers; every skin and joint plate and angle of iron and steel composing the hull having been shaped and riveted by a mathematical calculation, and the arch in every direction having been put into the skin-plates by machinery.

The two screw-propellers are turned by a steel shaft. They are 22 ft. in diameter and only half immersed in the water; the points, 16 ft. in length, revolve with and project beyond the propeller.

The engines and boilers occupy a space of 48 ft. 6 in. in length midship, leaving ample accommodation in the saloons and staterooms, which are handsomely and comfortably fitted. Each of the four boilers has a firebox, surmounted by two vertical cylinders containing vertical tubes; while the centre portions of the boilers, 22 in. in diameter, are left free from tubes, that the boilers themselves may be more readily cleaned and proper circulation maintained. A fan in the boiler-room augments the draught of the chimneys and improves the ventilation of the ship.

The engines are surface-condensing, and will work at a high degree of expansion. Above each of the three steam-jacketed cylinders is placed a shaft, upon which are two cranks, working down by the sides of the cylinder itself, the piston-rods passing the shaft and connecting with a cross-head above, upon which are two rods connected with the cranks. The three engines are joined together by a system of return cranks and a peculiar coupling, which prevents cross strains from the transmission of power from engine to engine, and from the shafts of the different engines getting out of line. This description of engine-arrangement is calculated to allow the longest possible stroke which can be obtained in a given space below the shaft. There are room and displacement in the vessel for twelve days coal, supposing the engines to be worked with the ordinary or natural draught for the furnaces; and this would give a speed superior in proportion to that of the fast ocean steamers, while, when artificial draught is employed, the rate will be materially increased. It is the opinion of the constructors, as the result of their careful experiments, that they can show how sea-going vessels, built upon their plan, may secure superiority in comfort, safety, and speed, with the additional advantage of greater economy.

A RUSSIAN SNOWSTORM.

OUR Engraving represents one of the incidents of a Russian winter, of which very few of us can form any adequate conception, whatever may be our real or pretended enjoyment of "good, seasonable, Christmassy weather."

The news which refers to our Illustration comes in the Correspondence of St. Petersburg, and records the fact that the mail post has been stopped by a tremendous fall of snow, followed by an immense snowdrift—a "chasse neige." This formidable obstacle is a very serious affair to the traveller, especially if his journey be a hurried one; for the drift will sometimes assume the dimensions of a snow mountain, which can only be levelled by the exertions of two or three hundred peasants, who are put into requisition by the courier sending a horseman for help to the nearest station. If the state of the roads will permit, a rough country *brizka* arrives, full of mattocks and picks, with which the work is carried on day and night, until the way is cleared. For this tremendous work the peasants can demand nothing of the traveller, since it is the business of the *Seigneur* of the district to keep his roads passable. Now,



A RUSSIAN MAIL STOPPED IN A SNOW-DRIFT.

however, that the peasants are emancipated, this will become a rather difficult question, since it is very likely that, with true Russian cunning, the labourers will keep in hiding and refuse to budge until the price of their work is settled.

What is singular enough is that this forced labour has been exacted from the wretched peasants, although every Russian had to pay twenty-five kopecks a year for the maintenance of the roads. It has often happened that on an occasion like that represented in our Engraving, or after heavy rains, the whole population of a district has been compelled to turn out to clear the way for the Emperor, or for some high and mighty noble who chose to undertake a journey, and for this no remuneration was given, though the broad but uneven track was covered for miles with peasants, both men and women, raking the mud and sand into hillocks at each side, or breaking the inequalities of the surface with harrows.

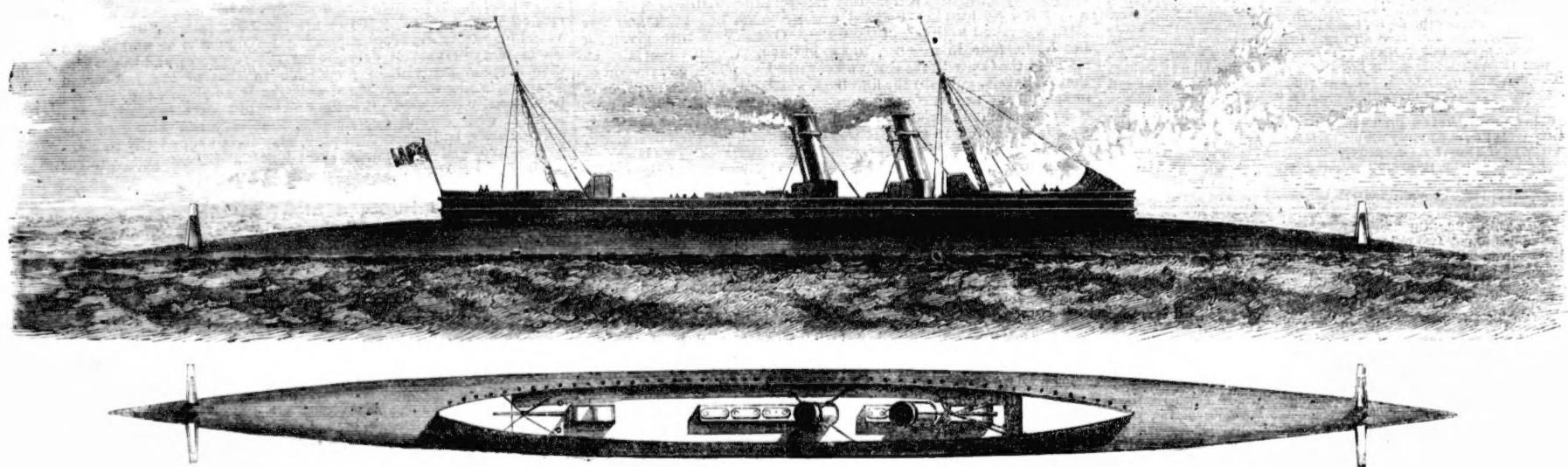
There was until very lately, and no doubt is still, good reason for some vigorous legislation on the subject of Russian roads, however;

for the Russians, the greatest military roadmakers in the world, who have formed a causeway in the Caucasus, and will, perhaps, one day, carry a clear path to China, are strangely negligent in keeping their own routes in a fit state for ordinary travelling. Broad and, in a rudimentary sense, imposing many of the roads may be, but to travel on them means delay, danger, relays of fresh horses to help the carriage out of inevitable difficulties, acres of mud into which the wheels sink to their navels, sinking turf, and holes full of mire deep enough to bury a village street, this was very lately the condition of the main road to Asia; and yet when the Emperor was expected to pass near any village men, women, and children were set to work to "clean up" such a morass, in order that the Imperial cortége might pass safely and nothing disgusting meet the regal eye.

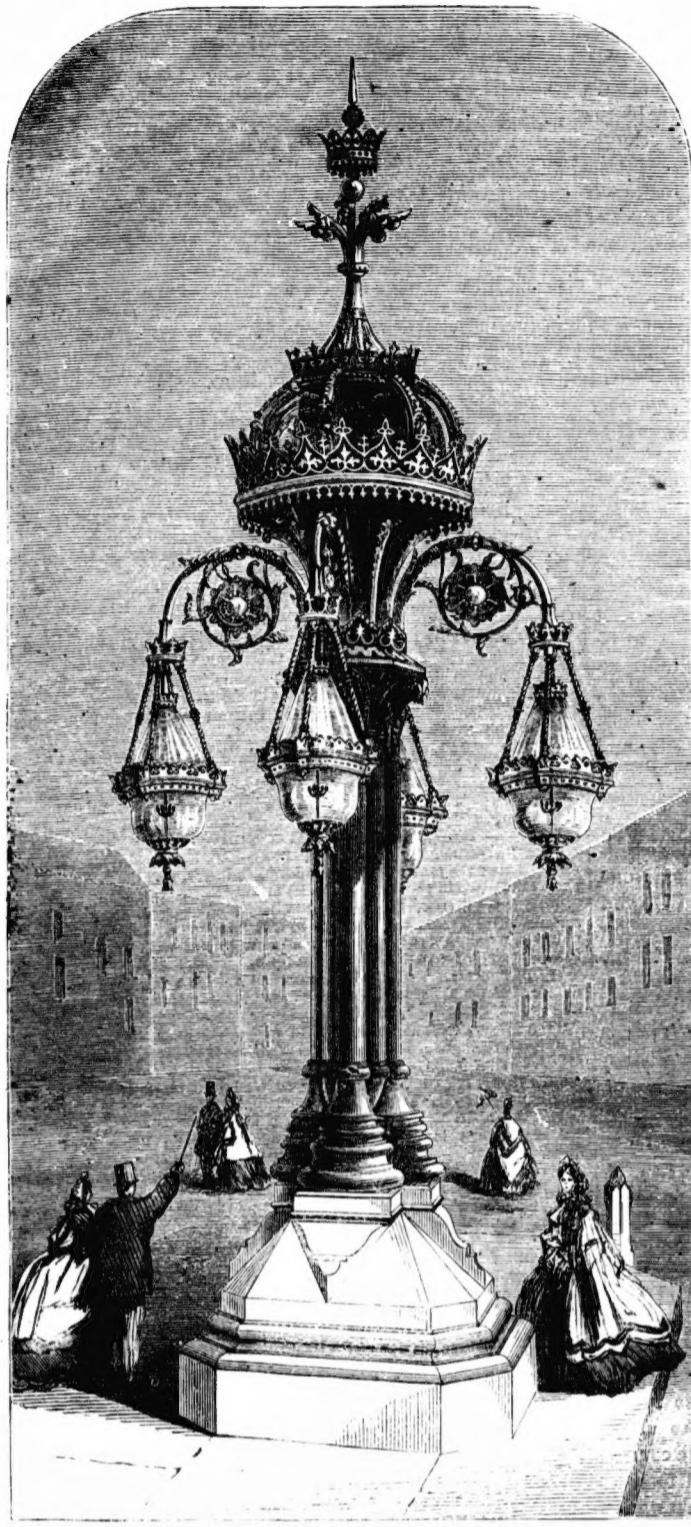
The truth is, that these cleanings are often the cause of the horrible condition of the route for ordinary travellers, for it requires only a few hours of Russian rain to convert the road into a slough, in which deep bogs occur at intervals; and therefore in such a

varied climate a journey is naturally a matter of very grave consideration.

The average length of a stage being from eleven to seventeen English miles, the time occupied in any journey must necessarily depend much upon the condition of the weather, and the distance varies according to the nature of the obstructions to be overcome. Whether the route lies in the great Tartar crosscuts, full of soft, green patches, or in the great, wide, busy roads, where droves of cattle and heavily-loaded waggons make the way one broad gutter, like the bed of a drained river, the traveller has much to endure. In the former case he may find himself stuck all night in a bog between two distant post-houses, only to be extricated by the courier obtaining assistance from the next station; in the latter, the *yemtchik*, who has been endeavouring to follow the wheelmarks of former drivers, will probably come to a slough of such portentous difficulty that he will take an hour or so to flounder out of it and seek a safer bottom in the surrounding depths.



WINANS NEW CIGAR-SHAPED YACHT.



LAMP AND VENTILATING SHAFT BEING ERECTED OVER THE SUBWAY,
SOUTHWARK-STREET.

LAMP AND VENTILATING SHAFT, SOUTHWARK-STREET.

OUR Engraving represents the lamp standard and ventilating shaft lately erected over the subway in Southwark-street, London. This work shows, in a very marked degree, the improvement that is taking place in the cast-iron productions of our country, to which improvement in the ornamental branch of the trade the firm of Messrs. Walter Macfarlane and Co., of Glasgow and London, by whom this work has been executed for the Metropolitan Board of Works, have largely contributed. In the Exhibition of 1862 their works were sufficiently excellent to gain for them a prize medal,

impossible for the men to work. The sick had already been passed into the boats, and the rest of the ship's company now followed. At a quarter past four the mainmast went over the side, the boats then being scarcely clear of the ship, and many officers and men were still holding on to ropes alongside and to the forepart of the ship, and others floating on the spars, &c. Soon after the mainmast fell. The stoppers of the anchors being burnt through, the anchors fell, and it seems many men who were upon or near them must have lost their lives. The ship was under sail, hove to, when the fire occurred, steam not having been up. At 8.25 the after magazine blew up, and the ship sunk in about

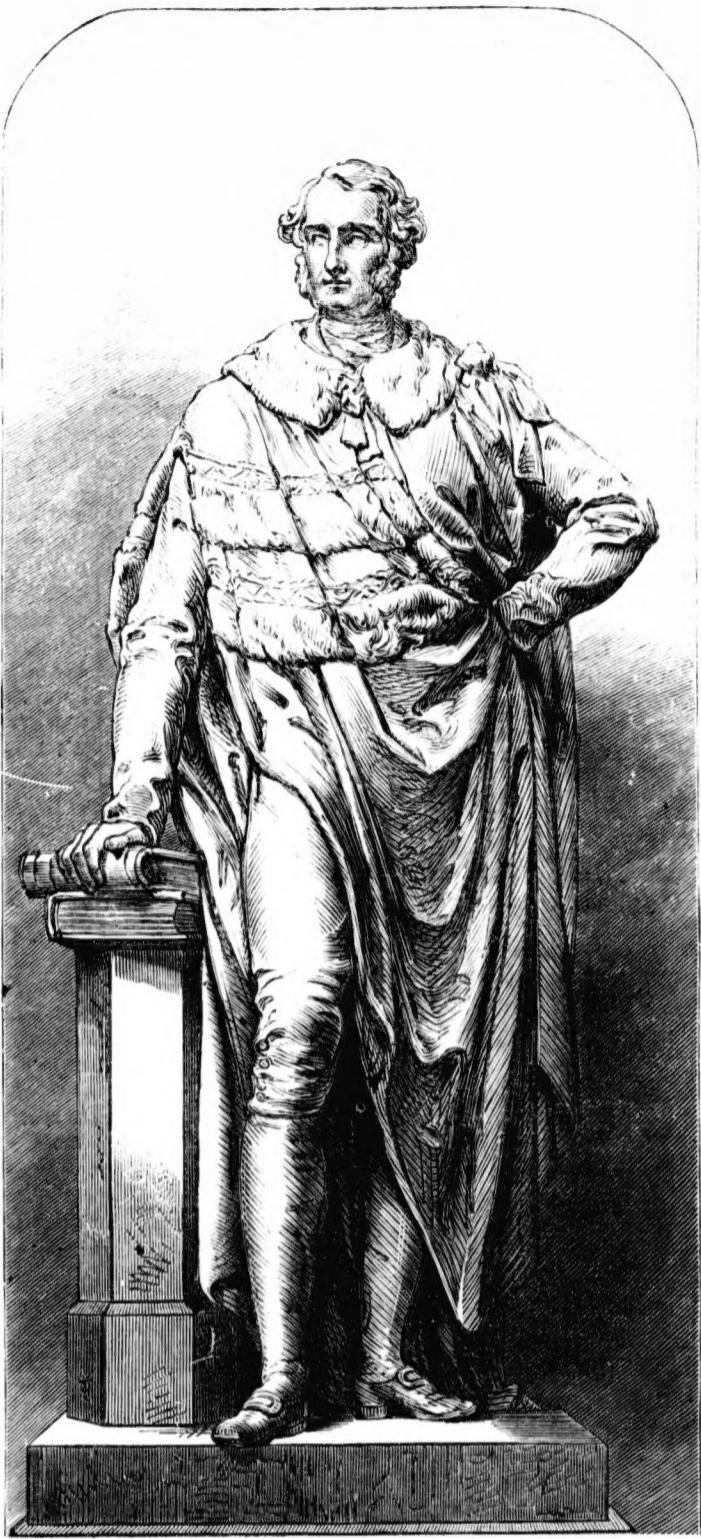
their castings being characterised by the jury as "admirable, sharp, clean, and full of character." The work before us combines strikingly those qualities. The erection consists of a red sandstone base, about 5 ft. high, surmounted by ventilating shaft, lamps, &c., in cast iron, about 27 ft. high, the whole forming a handsome central feature to the street crossing. The work has been executed under the direction of Mr. Bazalgette, the engineer to the Board, and is very creditable to all concerned in its erection. The cost of the lamp, without the stonework, will be about £255.

**BURNING OF H.M. STEAM-
SHIP BOMBAY.**

WE last week reported the burning, near Montevideo, of her Majesty's ship *Bombay*, the flagship of Admiral Elliot, on the West India and South American station. The following is Admiral Elliot's despatch announcing the catastrophe to the Secretary of the Admiralty:—

"Her Majesty's Ship *Stromboli*,
Montevideo, Dec. 15, 1864,
8 a.m.

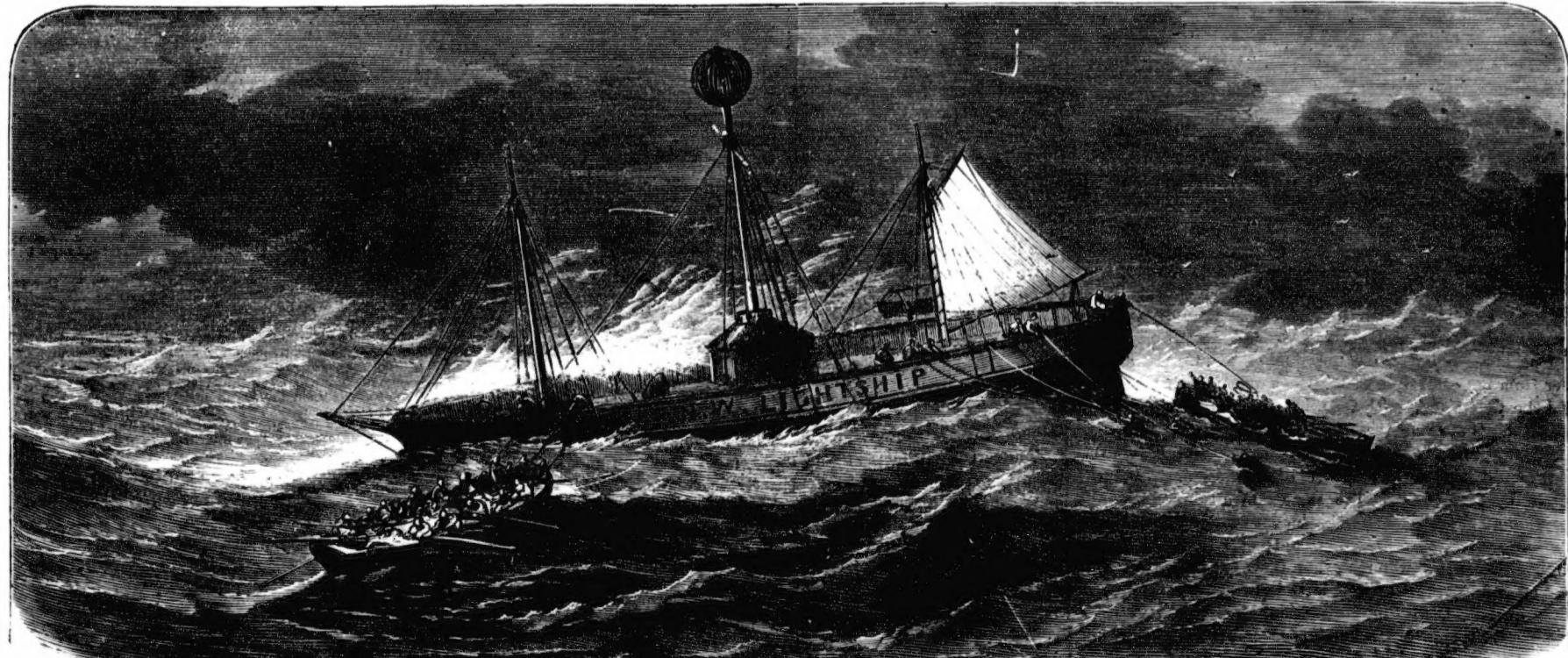
"Sir,—I much regret that I have to report the total loss by fire of her Majesty's ship *Bombay*. She left this anchorage under sail at seven a.m. yesterday, when I transferred my flag to the *Triton*. About five p.m. of the same day I received intelligence that the *Bombay* was on fire near the English bank, or Flores Island, about thirteen miles from this place. I immediately dispatched the *Stromboli* to her assistance, and proceeded myself in the *Triton*; but so rapidly had the fire extended that the ship had been deserted long before assistance could reach them. The ship's company had been at general quarters in the afternoon till a little after three p.m.; the foremost lower-deck guns were then told off for divisional exercise, but firing had not commenced from them, when about ten minutes after the retreat had been beat fire was reported to have broken out in the afterpart of the ship, about the after hold. The fire-bell was immediately rung, and with the greatest order and promptness an abundant supply of water was obtained; but the fire appears at once to have spread with uncontrollable rapidity, which gives me the impression that it originated very close to the spirit-room, and that the spirit-casks must almost immediately have burst and ignited. At 3.35 p.m. the fire was reported. At 3.52, finding the fire was quickly gaining, the boats were hoisted out. At four p.m. the boats were out, with the exception of the second launch, when the flames coming up the hatchways, the awnings and sails having been burnt, rendered it



STATUE OF LORD ELPHINSTONE, LATE GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY.
(J. H. FOLEY, SCULPTOR.)

eight fathoms. Among the officers, Mr. John K. Smallborn, Assistant-Surgeon, is the only one missing, and who was drowned alongside. The French mail-packet being at this moment on the point of departure, I am not able to give a more detailed report; but I am endeavouring to ascertain the number and names of men missing, which, I am sorry to say, amounts to about ninety-three; but, the boats having been picked up by vessels proceeding to different places, we cannot as yet get a correct return."

The *Bombay* was a screw steam-ship, of 67 guns and 2782 tons burthen. She was built at Bombay for the East India Company, and was transferred to the Imperial Navy when the functions of



WRECK OF THE LELIA AT THE MOUTH OF THE MERSEY: ARRIVAL OF THE BOATS AT THE LIGHTSHIP.

the company were assumed by the Crown. It is hoped that a portion of the missing crew will prove to have been saved, though a telegram from Brazil states that ninety-one lives were lost. This, however, has not been confirmed, and it is to be hoped that further details will show that the calamity has not been so terrible as that.

FOLEY'S STATUE OF LORD ELPHINSTONE.

JOHN, Lord Elphinstone, of the statue in honour of whom, by Foley, we this week publish an Engraving, was a scion of the old Scottish family of that name, and was the thirteenth Baron who had borne the title in the peerage of the northern portion of the kingdom. Several distinguished men have sprung from the various branches of this family, among whom may be mentioned Lord Balmerino, who was executed on Tower-hill in 1746 for his share in the rebellion in favour of the house of Stewart in the preceding year. The famous Admiral Lord Keith was a son of the tenth Baron Elphinstone; and the eleventh Baron was the father of Admiral Fleming, of Cumbernauld, who, besides his naval services, for many years represented the county of Stirling in Parliament in the Liberal interest. The Hon. Mount Stuart Elphinstone, one of the most eminent of the last generation of Indian administrators, likewise belonged to this family; and the subject of our present notice also won his fame in our Eastern empire. He was born in 1807, and succeeded his father, the twelfth Baron, in 1813. He joined the Indian service at an early age, and, after acting in a variety of capacities—among others, if we remember correctly, as Ambassador to Cabool previous to the Afghan War—became Governor of Madras, whence he was subsequently transferred to Bombay, where he was so highly esteemed as to induce the inhabitants of that presidency to erect to his memory the statue shown in our Engraving in the townhall of the capital of the province, as a companion to that by Chantrey of Mount Stuart Elphinstone. Like so many of our other Indian servants, Lord Elphinstone did not long survive his release from labour in the East, having died shortly after his return to England.

Mr. Foley's statue, which is a very chaste and elegant work of art, represents his Lordship in his robes as a Peer, with his right hand resting on two volumes—the "History of British India" and Smith's "Wealth of Nations," which are appropriately introduced as suggestive of his Lordship's studies as Governor. The statue is of statuary marble, is 7 ft. high, and will be placed upon a decorated pedestal of Sicilian marble, 5 ft. high. It bears the following inscription:—"John, Lord Elphinstone—the tribute of the inhabitants of Bombay."

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HOLKHAM HALL.—By an inadvertence, it was omitted to be stated that the View of Holkham Hall, published in our last week's Number, was from a photograph by Mr. Mason, the eminent photographer, of Old Bond-street.



SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1865.

A FEW HOME TOPICS.

THE sacerdotal order seems everywhere disposed to assert itself just at present. There is the Pope, in his late encyclical letter, warring against modern civilisation and a host of other ideas and practices which he deems hostile to his position and pretensions. The Ultra-Evangelical portion of the Scottish clergy are again attempting to enforce their notions of Sabbath observance, and to dictate to the people as to how they shall employ the day of rest. And the High-Church party in the Anglican Establishment is wroth with the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in consequence of its decision in the "Essays and Reviews" case; and is demanding such a change in the constitution of the final court of appeal in ecclesiastical causes as shall give to clergymen alone the decision of all questions affecting doctrine and discipline in the Church. What is the cause of this general upheaving of the clerical world? Is it the result of conscious strength or of conscious weakness? In the case of his Holiness, there is good reason to conclude that the latter feeling must be the incitement to action, for there can be no question that the Papacy, in a worldly point of view at least, has received some severe shocks of late, and is menaced with more. The Scottish clergy generally, and the Free Church portion of them particularly, have long had a habit of making themselves troublesome when affairs do not go on as they wish; and the recent stir they have made about Sunday trains may therefore be fairly supposed to indicate that they feel ill at ease respecting the influence they exercise on the public mind. The same remarks apply with equal force to the malcontents in the English Church, who feel that the power to curb inquiry and domineer over opinion is fast slipping away from them; and hence the effort to strengthen their position by obtaining a larger measure of power and making ecclesiastical superior to common law. It is the old question of freeing the clerical order from the control of civil law—a question that has agitated the Christian Church for centuries, was long a bone of contention between the Kings of England and the Popes, and finally led to the Reformation in this country and to the assumption of the headship of the Church by the Crown. The same difficulty produced the disruption of the Scottish Establishment twenty years ago, for the ministers who then seceded would never have abandoned their position in the Church could they have attained their object of making the Church courts superior in authority, on certain questions, to the civil tribunals. The objections which balked the Scottish clergy then are equally potent against the demands of the Anglican High Churchmen now; and a work on the subject, just issued under the superintendence of the Bishop of London, in which he enters a quiet

protest against the proposed change, shows that there are men in the Establishment itself who perceive that a court exclusively composed of clergymen would be the worst possible to which to refer the decision of any question whatever. The clerical mind is essentially non-judicial, and has always a tendency to be on the side of severity, as is shown by the decisions of country benches of magistrates on which clergymen have seats. From whatever cause this arises—whether from the necessarily one-sided training of the clergy, from their being usually unaccustomed to opposition, from their want of knowledge of the world and of human nature, or from the sincerity of their convictions—for sincere men are generally intolerant—there can be no doubt of the fact, and of the impropriety and danger, therefore, of intrusting them with judicial functions. For these reasons, we believe Parliament will never consent to hand over the liberties of any individual or class to a body of men so utterly unfitted, however highly educated and worthy personally, to be intrusted with power to deal with them.

In connection with this subject of clerical jurisdiction, it may be noted that the Brompton Oratorians are likely to get themselves into further trouble in the M'Dermott case. The girl, it is alleged, is under sixteen years of age, and consequently the parties who have withdrawn her from her mother's control will have to answer for violating the law on that point as well as for the stigma which has been sought to be cast on the mother's character. The case has been taken up by a society represented by Lieutenant-Colonel Brockman, which is prepared to take legal proceedings on both grounds. We have no sympathy with mere sectarian animosity and jealousy; we are little disturbed by the bugbear of Jesuitism, and shall not prejudge the case to be brought against the "fathers" of the Brompton Oratory and the "mothers" of the Finchley "Home of the Good Shepherd"; but we cannot help thinking that that system cannot be a good one which withdraws persons from the active duties of life, and has the effect of destroying the ties of nature and converting an affectionate and dutiful daughter into an indifferent, flippant, and selfish girl, as it is alleged the influence of the "fathers" and "mothers" have done with Eliza M'Dermott. Besides, it is not to be tolerated that persons in this country can be carried off from their relatives and immured in prisons, whether by physical or moral force, without the cognisance of the law. The rule of inspection by qualified and responsible officials which now applies to private lunatic asylums must be extended to all convents, homes, retreats, and so forth, by whatever sect they may be instituted and maintained. This would be the most effectual check upon improper practices and the exercise of undue influence in all quarters; and the public must not rest satisfied till this safeguard is obtained.

The agreeable announcement was made at the end of last week that the master builders' association in the midland counties had withdrawn the obnoxious "discharge-note," that the strike was at an end, that conferences of workmen and employers were to be held for the adjustment of trade rules, and that all disputes were in future to be referred to arbitration. This was very pleasing intelligence, for such a course was a much wiser one than maintaining the old and foolish system of combinations and counter-combinations, strikes and lock-outs. We are sorry to find that this agreeable prospect has not yet been realised. There is a hitch somewhere: the operatives say, in consequence of certain other resolutions passed at the masters' meeting at which the abandonment of the discharge-note was determined upon, and to which they cannot agree. What these "other resolutions" are has not been made public; but it is certain that the notice requiring the adoption of the note system has not been officially withdrawn, that the men are still on strike, and that levies for their support continue to be made throughout the trade. This is much to be regretted, for the plan of action indicated above was calculated to introduce a better system of adjusting disputes between labour and capital. Joint committees of masters and men, meeting and discussing the rates of wages, the hours of labour, and the rules to be observed on both sides in the trade, could not have failed to accomplish good results. A better knowledge of the feelings and desires of both parties would have been arrived at, mutual good-will would have been engendered, full information would have been obtained of the state and prospects of the trade generally, proper data for fixing the scale of remuneration and of governing advances or reductions of wages would have been gathered, and all the waste of time and capital, all the inconveniences and ill-feeling produced by strikes, would have been avoided. We trust that even yet the good sense of both sides will prevail, and these obvious advantages be secured.

The prospectus has been issued of the "London Dress-making Company (Limited)," at the head of which are the Earl of Shaftesbury, two bishops, several countesses, and a host of lady and gentlemen directors and managers. The object of the promoters, of course, is to ameliorate the condition of the milliners and dressmakers of London; and, as that is a very praiseworthy purpose, the originators of the new company are entitled to the thanks and respect of the public. But we fear the project is a mistake; it will not work satisfactorily, and, even if it did, it would exercise but a slight influence over the fate of the mass of overworked, ill-treated, and underpaid needlewomen of the metropolis. The Earl of Shaftesbury and his coadjutors would have done better had they bent their energies to extending to needlewomen the provisions of the Factories Act, for his exertions in carrying which his Lordship is still gratefully remembered in hundreds of homes in the manufacturing districts.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

QUEEN VICTORIA, the King of the Belgians, and all the Royal family of England, will, it is said, arrive at Coburg in May next, when the betrothal of Princess Helene with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar will take place.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON sent the key of his box at the Italian Opera to the United States Consul-General, and the Consul, not being a musical man, gave it to his domestics, who, to the intense astonishment of the audience, filled the Imperial box during the performance.

THE EARL OF DERRY will give a full-dress dinner on the 6th of next month, at his mansion in St. James's-square. Mr. Disraeli has also issued invitations for a banquet at his residence, Grosvenor-gate, the same evening.

MR. LINDSAY, M.P., continues to improve in health, and is so far recovered as to be able to leave his bed and to be up a few hours every day.

GENERAL DE BRETIGNIERS DE COURTEILLES has just died, at the age of one hundred years.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON has published a protest against the demand for an organic change in the final Court of Ecclesiastical Appeal.

THREE COMETS, it is said, are now visible in various parts of the heavens.

CAPTAIN NEURADOWSKI, a Pole, formerly in the Prussian service, has been elected king by a tribe of Kaffirs.

A DUEL was fought near Memphis, on the 28th ult., between two planters, resulting in the death of both parties.

THE COLLECTION OF BOOKS formed by the late J. R. McCulloch, the eminent political economist, has just been sold to Lord Overstone for £5000.

BOMBAY has determined upon having an International Exhibition, and a company has already been formed with a capital of £500,000.

INCENDIARISM ON THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS is again on the increase, several farmyards having been fired within the last few days.

THE DANISH MINISTER OF FINANCE has presented a bill proposing the abolition of all transit duties in Denmark.

MR. JAMES MADEN HOLT, a resident at Bacup, has erected in that town, at a cost of £30,000, a new church, schools, and parsonage-house. The Bishop of Winchester consecrated the church on Monday last.

COLONEL STEWART, director of the Indo-European telegraph, died at Constantinople, on the 17th inst.

A PAPER is about to appear in Paris under the title of *Le Necrologiste*. The subscribers are promised a panegyric in the event of their demise!

HURST CASTLE, on the Solent, is now completely isolated at high-water, owing to a breach of the sea during the late gale.

NEGOTIATIONS are being carried on between Austria and Prussia for the conclusion of a treaty of commerce.

CAPTAIN GRAO, of the Peruvian Navy, who was apprehended on a charge of violating the Foreign Enlistment Act, has been set at liberty, no sufficient evidence having been adduced against him.

MR. SAMUEL WARREN, the Master in Lunacy, author of the "Diary of a Physician," and "Ten Thousand a Year," is said to be in a state of health that almost precludes the possibility of recovery.

THE PHILOMATHIC SOCIETY OF BORDEAUX has decided that a general exhibition of the products of agriculture, industry, and the industrial arts, shall take place in that city on the 1st of July next.

THE ROYAL OAK, iron-cased ship, has been docked, after six months' service. Her bottom was found to be foul "beyond conception;" masses of animals, zoophytes, corallines, &c., all so encrusted with weeds in one mass, that sharp scrapers will alone detach them.

M. TANDOU, a French editor, committed suicide a few days since, in consequence of a court of law having decided his separation from his wife, seven months after marriage, on the ground of cruelty.

TWO DROVERS (Walsh and Hill) quarrelled over a game of cards at Holyhead, and adjourned to a field to settle the matter with knives; Hill was killed, having been stabbed seven times.

THE NOBILITY OF MOSCOW have adopted an address to the Emperor of Russia praying him to establish a representative system, with an Upper and Lower Chamber.

A MARRIAGE is arranged to take place between Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, son of Baron Anselm de Rothschild, of Vienna, and Miss Evelina de Rothschild, youngest and only unmarried daughter of Baron and Baroness Lionel de Rothschild.

A FRENCH OFFICER, who was captured by the Arabs in 1831 and kept by them in captivity, escaped during the recent insurrection, and has returned to France, after an absence of thirty-three years.

A CALCULATION has been made respecting the proportionate value of the services of gentlemen and ladies as collectors for charitable and religious purposes, and it has been found that one lady is worth thirteen gentlemen and a half.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER intends, it is believed, to propose in the ensuing Session of Parliament a tax of one penny upon all railway tickets issued for distances exceeding a radius of twenty miles from each place of issue.

LONDON WAS VISITED BY A DENSE FOG on Saturday. Throughout the day the air was darkened, but at sunset the fog thickened, until it was impossible to see anything a few yards away. Several accidents are reported to have taken place.

THE POPE has given the discoverer of the Hercules statue at Rome a diamond snuffbox, filled with gold, and a cheque for 50,000 scudi—in all, about £10,000. The value of the statue was originally computed at £8000.

THE PARLIAMENTARY DEPOSITS this year on account of new railway projects have amounted to £4,275,010, of which £189,235 was in cash, £258,500 in Exchequer-bills, and £3,824,275 in stock. This total is £2,050,879 less than that of last year.

A SERIOUS EPIDEMIC, said to be typhoid fever, has for some time past raged in Woolwich and the neighbourhood, and has been attributed to the noxious effects of the southern outfall sewer at Crossness-point, Erith.

THE AFRICAN MAIL-STEAMER ARMENIAN, which sailed on Tuesday last, struck on Arklow bank on Wednesday morning and became a total wreck. The crew and passengers, with the exception of four persons, were saved.

KÜHL, the Plaistow-marshe murderer, was executed at Springfield Gaol, near Chelmsford, on Thursday morning. He protested his innocence to the last.

AMONG THE COLOSSAL ENGINEERING PROJECTS of the present day is a scheme for constructing a railway tunnel under the bed of the Severn, for the purpose of connecting the South Wales Union line with the Principality. The tunnel will be about three miles long, and is estimated to cost £750,000.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS has now under trial a cluster of small schools, each presumed to be too small or too poor to maintain a certificated master, but able to maintain teachers of somewhat less pretensions, and to contribute their share to a certificated master visiting each member of the group in its turn.

THE RETIRO BARRACK, Buenos Ayres, was blown up on the 9th ult., when 160 soldiers, dead or dying, were hurled into the air or buried under the ruins, and the shock was felt for half a mile round, smashing windows as if the effect of an earthquake.

THE RATEPAYERS OF BELFAST have received a reminder of the late riots in the shape of a claim made by the authorities for the payment of £1058, being half the cost of the extra police force located in the town up to the 5th of September. The amount is to be levied on the borough.

THE COUNCIL OF THE LEEDS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE has resolved to recommend in the next Session of Parliament the substitution of the Scotch law of bankruptcy for that of England, the former being much less wasteful than the English system, and in every respect more satisfactory, especially in the important point of realising the assets of bankrupts in a cheap, expeditious, and generally advantageous manner.

GENERAL SHERMAN is said to have written as follows to his Government:—"My idea is that every young and middle-aged man ought to be proud of the chance to fight for the integrity of his country. I would like to see all trade and commerce absolutely cease until this conflict is over; and all who can fight and won't fight ought to be killed or banished; and those who won't support those who do fight should be denationalised."

A DREADFUL ACCIDENT took place in the neighbourhood of Leeds on Monday. A number of ladies and gentlemen were skating on a piece of water called Benyon's Pond, when the ice in one part gave way, and precipitated a young lady and a gentleman who accompanied her into the water. The latter was saved, but the lady and Mr. Lyndon Smith, who gallantly attempted to rescue her, unfortunately lost their lives.

A MODEST MAN.—The Rev. Mr. Burnham, of Winchester, Connecticut, recently enlisted in the army as a private, and was sent to the rendezvous at New Haven. On the morning after his arrival he was summoned before the commanding officer of the post and addressed, "Mr. Burnham, I see by your name in the list sent to me that you are a reverend. About dozen reverends have enlisted and come here, but you are the first who has stayed overnight without asking for a chaplain; so I guess we'll make you chaplain." And he was made chaplain accordingly.

THE BERLIN CABMEN.—According to the *Kreuz Zeitung*, the Berlin cabmen are beginning to forget where the House of Deputies is situated. Parliamentary Government has, in other words, been almost buried in oblivion. On the first day of the Session a deputy jumped into a cab and said to the driver, "Drive to the House of Deputies." Driver answers, "Where to?" Deputy—"Why don't you keep your ears open? To the House of Deputies." Driver—"To the House of Deputies?" Where's that? "Deputy—"You don't know where the House of Deputies is? Why, on the Dönhofs Platz, to be sure!" Driver (scratching his head)—"On the Dönhofs Platz? Oh, yes, to be sure! We had quite forgotten all about that."

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

Who is it that hatches and rears the monstrous canards that one daily encounters in Pall-mall and the neighbourhood? In plain English, who is the special agent for the Father of Lies in this district? Whoever he or they may be, his employer is well served. Last week my political gossip came to me with a face as long as my arm, clearly indicating that he was labouring with some awful secret which he was longing to discharge. "What's the news?" said I, to give him opportunity to lighten himself of his burden. "News!" replied he; "haven't you heard it?" "No!" "Well, you won't get through next Session so easy as you imagine, Mr. Lounger." "Why? What's up; a split in the Government? Has Gladstone kicked over the traces and upset the coach?" "No; worse than that!" "Indeed, what is it?" said I. "Lord Palmerston is ill." "Oh! got the gout again, I suppose?" "No," he replied, shaking his head ominously, "worse than that;" and here he whispered in my ear something which is not worth while to report. "No! You don't say so." "Yes, by Jove! it's true: he is forbidden to ride, and must give up all public business at once." "But who told you?" "Lord —," he said, mentioning the name of a highly respectable nobleman. I confess I was startled for the time, for Lord — is so cautious and trustworthy a man that I felt compelled to believe that there was at least something in the report. But, upon reflection, I began to doubt; and, calling after Mr. Bogg, who had got some distance away, proposed that we should wait upon a friend hard by, who could at once, if he would, confirm or deny the rumour. And we went, and this was the result:—"Forbidden to ride on horseback!" exclaimed our friend. "Why, he was out with the hounds two days ago, and I was with him; and if we rode an inch we did twenty-four miles before we got home. In short, the old gentleman is in good health and capital spirits." And so down came the canard, pierced to the heart of it, like the eagle which Caspar, in "Der Freischütz," shoots with his charmed bullet. I laughed heartily; but my gossip looked discomfited, and, as he walked away, muttered, wrathfully, "Who, then, can we believe if we cannot trust such a man as Lord —?" "But tell me, Bogg, did his Lordship really tell you this as distinctly as you told it to me?" "In the very words." "Then the *genius loci* of this region would deceive the very elect." And so we parted.

Passing by "The Shades," down towards Old Swan Stairs, on Tuesday last, I saw before me, written up in large letters on the front of a building, "Pneumatic Loom;" and having read an article in the *Times* of that morning upon this invention, I entered said building, and found myself at once in the presence of the loom and its inventor. Now, I am no mechanician, and could not if I were to try describe technically this new discovery; but a few minutes' observation and reflection convinced me that here is the germ of another of those wonderful silent revolutions which inventors and discoverers, by some simple application of the forces of nature, are so frequently bringing about; and I stood gazing at the thing with wonder and admiration. Nor will my readers be surprised at this if they will listen whilst I tell them about this invention. For thousands of years the shuttle of the weaving-loom was thrown by the hand of the weaver. Job says, "Thy days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle." The shuttle of his day (say 1500 years before Christ) was thrown by the hand, and no change was made until 1785. At this period Dr. Cartwright substituted for the weaver's hand an iron hand, moved by steam; and Dr. Cartwright's invention, with improvements thereof made by other mechanicians, is now in use in every weaving factory in Europe, and in many countries beyond. Dr. Cartwright's invention brought about a wonderful revolution, and was, indeed, a very grand discovery; but, beside the new discovery made by Mr. Chas. Weightman Harrison, it appears but a clumsy contrivance. What is the discovery? Well, in a few words, it is this. Take a tin peashooter; tie it horizontally to the top of the pole; put an arrow into it with the end projecting; stand back a little, and, swinging your arm round, deliver a blow on to the projecting end of the arrow; and you have the principle of the Cartwright machine. Almost exactly as you strike the end of the arrow, the iron arm, moved by steam, strikes the shuttle. Now put an arrow in your tube, and drive it through by a puff of breath, and you have Mr. Harrison's principle at work. Mr. Harrison has a steam-engine, an air pump, and a chest for fixed air, with a valve to discharge the air on the shuttle. And you have something analogous to all these. Your muscular power is your engine, your lungs are your air-pump, your mouth is the chest for the fixed air, and your lips are the valves. Now, observe how far the principle of blowing the arrow is superior to that of striking it. You can blow quicker than you can strike, because the action of blowing is more direct. There is also a great saving of mechanical power; and, further, you can send the arrow more truly to its mark by blowing than you can by striking, because a blow with your hand does not impinge upon the end of the arrow so evenly as your breath does; and, of course, as everybody must see, a blow with the hand will cause much more wear and tear, as the phrase is, than a puff of breath. There are also many more advantages, which I need not mention here. This, then, is Mr. Harrison's discovery:—As you stand in front of the old loom at work, you see an iron arm at each end swinging round and striking the shuttle; as you look at Mr. Harrison's, you do not see how the shuttle is sent swiftly on its way, but you can hear the puffs of air as they are forced through the valves. I do not usually notice mechanical inventions in this column; generally, I notice only the movements of our Constitutional machine; and I have only gone out of my way this week to call attention to this discovery, because of its vast importance.

There is a muddle down in Buteshire. The candidates for Mr. Mure's seat are Mr. Lamont and Mr. Boyle. Mr. Lamont calls himself a Liberal. Mr. Boyle announces himself a Conservative. But from under the pressure of the questions to which Mr. Lamont has been subjected by the clergy and other unco' orthodox persons, Mr. Lamont comes out more like a Tory than a Liberal. For example, he will vote, he tells us, for "the total, immediate, and unconditional withdrawal of the odious Parliamentary grant to the Popish college of Maynooth." He will vote for "the total suppression of convents and nunneries," and "for the repeal of the Prison Ministers' Bill." He will not support "the opening of the botanic gardens on Sunday." Well, this is not very much like Liberalism. True, he will support Lord Palmerston; but this is no great deal, for everybody now "supports Lord Palmerston." Nor is his promise to vote for a £20 franchise in counties and a £6 franchise in boroughs an extremely Liberal one. Indeed, Earl Derby would consent to do the same. Still it is thought that Mr. Lamont might have gained the votes of the clergy and the other unco' orthodox voters, but for one thing. In this pot of savoury Protestant ointment which Mr. Lamont offers to the orthodox electors there is a fly, which gives a rank flavour to the whole. He is a believer in the Darwinian theory of the origin of species; and this doctrine is held by all orthodox people as infidel. True, he says he holds it only "with a certain amount of concurrence;" but he holds it. Will, then, the orthodox give him their support? That remains to be seen. Perhaps, considering what a good Protestant he is, they will pass over his "infidelity." Like things have been done in other quarters. D. not the *Record* award to Lord Palmerston the high title of "Man of God," because he made certain sound Protestant bishops?

A Royal Commission to consider the subject of death punishment is sitting or about to sit. Opportunely comes out, therefore, "Capital Punishment; based on Professor Mettermaier's 'Todestrafe.' Edited by John Macrae Moir." This work I have not read through; but I can say this much of it: it will be very useful to the Royal Commission, and will teach the members much if they have minds open to receive the truth. Like all works written by German professors, it is thorough and exhaustive; whilst Mr. Moir's additions, to make it appropriate to the state of the question here in England, do, really and effectually, what was required to be done. I am not, however, going to criticise the book; but upon the subject generally a word or two. It is thirty years ago since I began to study the question; thirty years ago since I opened up a correspondence with Mr. Barry, of Plough-court, than whom a better, more unselfish man never lived; and

nearly thirty years ago since I came to a conclusion dead against the gallows. The opinion that death punishments were not merely useless but mischievous I soon arrived at, and this opinion I have never changed. Hanging is useless because it does not deter from crime; it is mischievous because it barbarizes the populace. I have long held the maxim that example is more powerful than precept; but recollect that bad example is, to say the least, quite as powerful as good. The hangman, then, to me is the great and successful teacher of murder, and the crowds around the gallows are his pupils. If the Government wish to make human life sacred it must itself hold it as sacred. And here let me tell you a curious fact. At one time the Government did hold the principle that familiarity with killing tended to create a certain indifference to the sacredness of human life, and, acting upon this principle, butchers were not allowed to sit upon juries who were summoned to try capital offences. Well, this book, in several parts of it, corroborates my views. I will only, however, bring forward as a witness a table which I find in the appendix, and a problem which I have worked out therefrom. During the ten years from 1820 to 1829 many other crimes than murder were capitally punished. There were in that decade 732 persons executed, whilst only 138 were executed for murder. Now mark, in this decade there were fifty-six persons in the million of the population committed for trial for murder, whilst in the ten years from 1850 to 1859 there were only thirty-eight. Some may say that the improvement in the morals of the people may have had some effect in decreasing the crime of murder. It may; but recollect that in 1820-9 we had no police; and it is but fair to suppose that by means of our police more persons are brought to trial and conviction in proportion to the number of crimes committed than there were in 1820-9.

In the advertisement of a new club—the Junior Atheneum—I read that any member not having received a copy of the rules and regulations may have one on application to the secretary. Why rules and regulations? If you please, Mr. Secretary, which are the rules and which the regulations? I had hoped that this conventional phrase had become obsolete, except in the cases of mechanics' friendly societies and War-office handbooks for volunteers. Certainly I did not expect to find it turning up in connection with a club of literary gentlemen, which, I take it for granted, the Junior Atheneum is to be.

A great deal of gossip, mingled with some newspaper controversy, has arisen as to whether or not Mr. Tennyson has been made a baronet, or is to be made a baronet. I did not notice the affair earlier, because, as you know, I don't like to aid in the circulation of mere rumours; and in this instance facts justify my reticence. The story was first set afloat by the *Athenaeum*, was contradicted by the editor of "Debrett's Peerage," was again re-affirmed as true, and now turns out, on the authority of Mr. Tennyson himself, to be "entirely without foundation." The paper which originated the rumour still sticks to it that, if the Laureate is not Sir Alfred Tennyson now, he will be by-and-by. Perhaps. Such honours have often been bestowed where less merited, and for that very reason the author of "In Memoriam" may well be disinclined to accept a title; for no title whatever can add to the distinction which Alfred Tennyson's own genius has won for him.

Can your Literary Lounger tell me if any work of note in the English language was ever written by the Countess Marie de Montemerli? I ask the question because I read the other day, in the fashionable intelligence in a Paris paper, that Mdme. de Montemerli was the authoress of a work shortly to appear in *French*. The journal went on to say, "This distinguished writer offers, in her own person as well as in her works, a piquant *mélange*. Portuguese by her mother and French by her father (she is niece to the former President of the Assembly and former Minister of the Interior, M. Senart), Mdme. de Montemerli is a *little naturalised English* by a sufficiently long sojourn in London, where she debated brilliantly in the literary career. Also, she is a *little Italian* by her marriage with the patriot De Montemerli, who was, like Mario, a Count, and who also, like Mario, made his fine tenor voice heard and applauded at our Italian Opera about ten years ago!" Here is a conglomeration—Portuguese, French, a *little English*, by a sufficiently long sojourn in London, and a *little Italian* by marriage. I wonder the ingenious writer did not describe the lady as a *little Assyrian*, from having met Mr. Layard in society; or a *little Icelandic*, from having dined twice at the same house with Lord Dufferin. You will forgive the French-English of my translation of the paragraph, as it more thoroughly conveys the writer's meaning than would a smooth reproduction.

I hear that at a recent ball at the Tuilleries a young English lady made an enormous success. She is pronounced to be the most beautiful blonde ever seen, and this present year of grace is to be christened by our gallant neighbours after her. They say she is "as white as wheat!" The angelic sort of beauty, not rare among us, astonishes our friends on the other side of the Channel, where their beauties are of an over-expressive, burnt, black-eyed, demoniacal description.

I heard the other day of some very rich but not over well-bred people, who asked a famous pianist to dine with them, and who, immediately after dinner, insisted on his sitting down to the instrument. "Ah, Madame," said the pianist—he was a foreigner—to the hostess, "when I have eaten so little!"

This reminds me of an anecdote of a great violinist, who accepted an invitation from a vulgar notary at Brussels, and who was kind enough to play during the evening to the guests. A month after Madame the *notar-ess* sent the musician another invitation, with this postscript:—"Above all, don't forget your instrument!" The musician sent back a violin and these few lines:—"Madame,—I regret that, personally, I cannot accept your invitation for the —th. I am sure you will the more readily forgive this apparent neglect as I send my instrument!"

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

"The Roadside Inn," at the LYCEUM, may be pronounced a success, if not a pronounced success. It is so many years since the late Mr. Charles Selby's drama of "Robert Macaire" was popular, and Henry Wallack swaggered as the vagabond hero, that I may be excused for giving young playgoers an outline of the plot of the piece. Robert Macaire and Jacques Strop are two escaped convicts travelling towards the frontier. They stop at a roadside inn, where Robert Macaire murders a Monsieur Germeuil for the possession of the sum of 12,000 francs. Suspicion lights upon a poor woman who, out of charity, has been permitted to sleep at the inn. This woman is no other than Robert Macaire's wife. Their child, whom they abandoned when an infant, is the adopted son of the innkeeper. Ultimately Macaire is discovered, the injured wife released, and poetic justice satisfied by the death of the criminal. The author of the new version or adaptation of "L'Auberge des Adrets" has done his work excellently well. A great many of the unnecessary exits and entrances of the old piece are avoided, the dialogue is improved, and a semblance of probability is given to the ragamuffin appearance and pretentious manners of the escaping thieves by their passing themselves off for emigrés returned from exile, the date of the piece being, I presume, 1814 or 1815. A capital ballet, in which Macaire at the same time gratifies his love of dancing and his professionally predatory pursuits, and which is interrupted by a thunderstorm with an admirable effect of steel-blue lightning, terminates the first act. In the second it has been attempted, and not unsuccessfully, to redeem the character of Macaire by making paternal love the motive for his avowing himself the real assassin. This affords an opportunity for some admirable acting. The parting between the two criminals would, I think, have borne some few lines more dialogue. When Macaire is shot, he rolls down the steps of a steep staircase in a manner as effective as it is realistic. The Robert Macaire of Mr. Fechter is all his own. He does not build upon the lines laid down by Frederic Lemaire, whose Robert Macaire was a comic, melodramatic, idiosyncratic realisation to dream of. Mr. Fechter's Robert is a graceful and not a swaggering vagabond. The performance abounds in finished touches of the dramatic art, among which the would-be graceful bow which he

makes to the gendarme after confessing the murder is one to be remembered. The yearning of his heart towards his new-found son was rendered with all the absence of exaggeration and real pathos of the true artist. Still, Robert Macaire is the Robert Macaire bequeathed to us by Frederic Lemaire the Great, and is essentially a character that will not bear new interpretation any more than the legs of Mr. Pickwick would suffer the substitution of modern pegtop trousers for the tights and gaiters immortalised in the Posthumous Papers. Of Mr. Widdicombe's Jacques Strop it would be difficult to speak in terms of too high commendation. He was comic terror incarnate, the most abject of fugitives, the veriest dreg of scampdom, and yet not unlikable withal, nor without certain qualities approaching goodness—the canine attachment for his partner in guilt for one. The remainder of the parts were ably played. The scenery, I need not say, was up to the usual Lyceum point of excellence; but I must be permitted to extol, and in the very highest terms, the stage management, the grouping, the *mise-en-scène* entire of this latest production. It was perfect, and deserves especial commendation as cultivation of that particular faculty is not generally permitted by the directors of our London theatres.

Mr. Paul Bedford's daylight benefit is *positively* fixed for Thursday morning, Feb. 2, at DRURY LANE. All the popular London actors and actresses are to appear, after the fashion adopted at the theatres in Paris, when veterans of *la haute école* summon their comrades round them. There is also to be a regular performance, in which the most celebrated among the celebrities are to act.

We are to have another theatre in London—that is, practically, another theatre at the West-End. The QUEEN's, in Tottenhall-court-road, has long been the chosen abode of the most sanguinary sort of melodrama. There the amiable highwayman, the philanthropic pirate, the sentimental poacher, and the virtuous ruffian, have for years proclaimed their injuries at the hands of those tyrannical and bloated oligarchs whose chief characteristics are hatred of the poor and love of soap-and-water. There every night have unwashed hands applauded with a noise that was the exact reverse of the "chop, chop" of kid gloves. But the sanguinary sort of melodrama, the amiable highwayman, and the unwashed hands, are to be swept away to that limbo from which, I hope, fat-pan foot-lights, oil-lamps, short combat-swords, long-winded sentiments, dirty dresses, and discoloured scenery, never will return. The theatre is to be altered, reconstructed, rechristened, redecorated, re-embellished, and put under petticoat government, and the first Queen of the new Queen's is to be Miss Marie Wilton.

A new comedietta, "May and December," by Mr. J. H. Nightingale, of Liverpool, will be produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre in that town on Friday next.

A BIRMINGHAM STORY.—Two Birmingham gentlemen once met at the table d'hôte of the Kursaal, at Wiesbaden. They were strangers to each other, but by the time dinner was over they felt that the hour had arrived when they might without impropriety swear eternal friendship over a cigar on the banks of the Rhine. "And what part of the country do you come from?" asked one traveller of the other. "Oh," answered he, "I have a little place down in Worcestershire." "Indeed! Worcestershire? Well, I live in the neighbourhood of Worcestershire myself. And whereabouts in Worcestershire?" "Oh, it is quite an out-of-the-way little village in a corner of the county; you would not be likely to know it. The name of the place is Balsall Heath." "Ah, yes," rejoins his new friend, "I'm a Birmingham man as well. I think I know your place in Igh-street!"

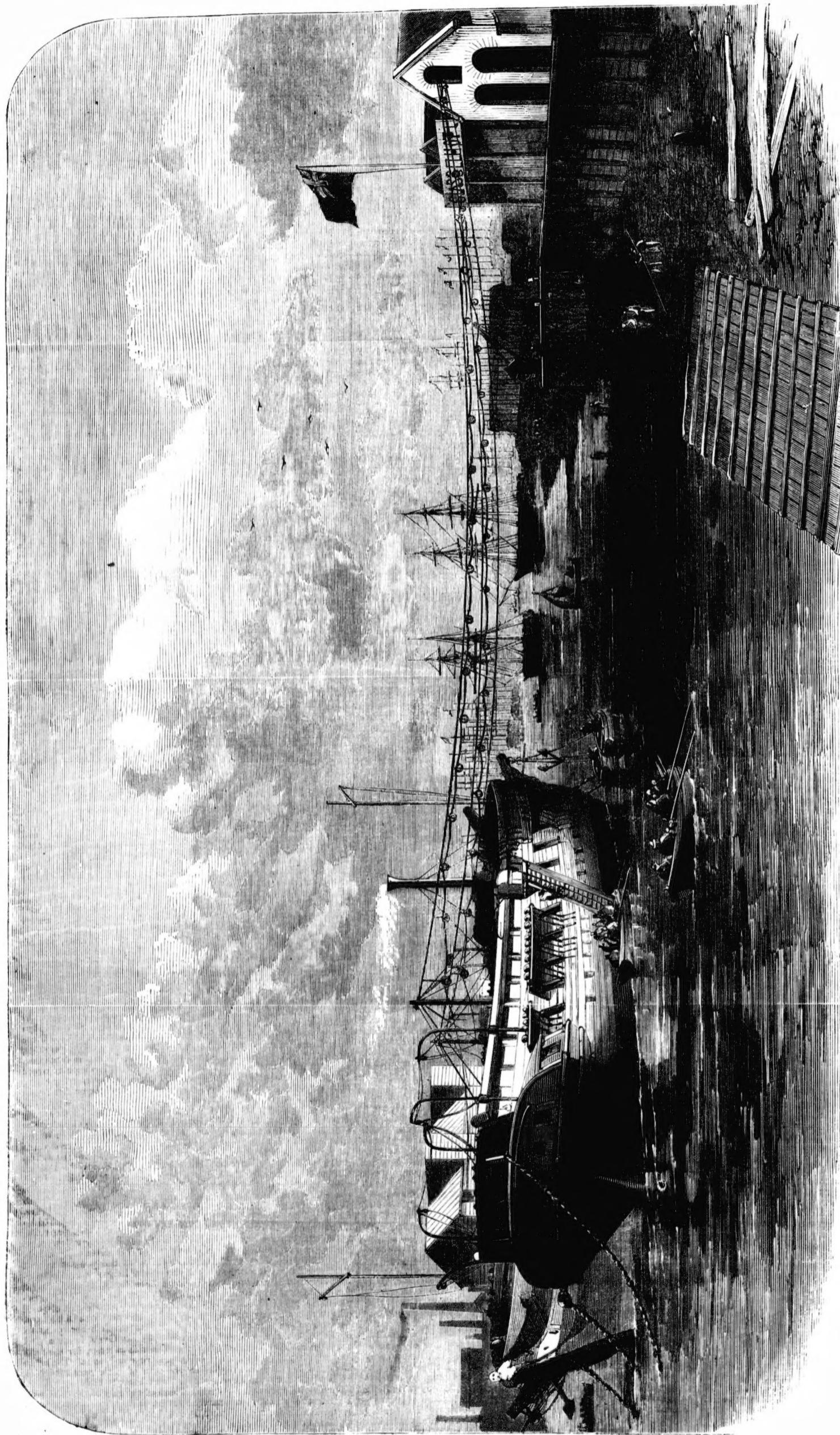
A PAUPER'S WILL.—An extraordinary investigation has been going on during the last few days in the workhouse of the parish of St. Pancras. An aged inmate of the workhouse, named Smart, believes, and has induced others to believe, that he is heir to, and is about immediately to come into possession of, property in Leicestershire and Staffordshire to the extent of £150,000. The story he tells reads rather apocryphal; but, at any rate, the master of the workhouse and a legal gentleman, a member of the vestry, having gone down to the neighbourhood to make inquiries, returned, and assisted the old man to draw up a will, by which he leaves the whole property in question to them and their families. The master of the workhouse and the pauper both assert that no undue influence was used; the legal gentleman declines to give any information to parties who have no authority to inquire for it.

SHIPPING THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

The process of shipping a portion of submarine cable which has been made for this great undertaking from the works at Greenwich on board the hulk Iris, for transference to the Medway, and final stowage in the tanks of the Great Eastern, was commenced on Thursday, the 19th inst. The shipment was begun early in the morning, and will continue without intermission now until nearly the end of May, by which time it is hoped all will be coiled away snugly on board the great steam-ship. The total quantity of rope required to connect Valentia with Bull's Bay, Newfoundland, allowing for the "slack" which must run out to prevent too great a strain on the cable, is about 2300 nautical, or nearly 2700 statute, miles. With this length a liberal margin is given of nearly 600 statute miles of rope for slack caused by currents, possible rough weather, and the avoidance of anything like unusual strain on the cable in the deepest water. Over one part of the route the depth is as great as from 2000 to 2500 fathoms, or nearly three statute miles—a depth, however, which is only considered of moment in case of rough weather in paying out, the mere strength of the cable being sufficient to bear its own weight in eleven miles of still water. In this respect, as, indeed, in all others, the new cable has an enormous superiority over the old and ill-used rope which was first laid, and which, to the amazement of all those who knew its real condition, nevertheless remained in fair working order for a few days. In size, in strength, in better condition, better insulation, and better outer covering, the new rope is never less than three times as good as the old one, while in many cases, and these the most important, its superiority is four or five times greater. Though a much larger cable, its weight in water per mile is less than half that of its unfortunate predecessor, its breaking strain is $7\frac{1}{2}$ tons, against $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons, the maximum strength of the old rope. The method of joining up the two-mile lengths in which it is constructed is also a great improvement upon the soldered joints in the wires of the first cable, while the standards for insulation and "conductivity" are as high as those devised for the Persian Gulf cable, and the tests are continuous in every portion of the manufacture. Nearly 900 miles of the cable have already been made, and are beautifully coiled away in the large tanks in the Telegraph Construction Company's works, lately those of Messrs. Glass and Elliott. Fifteen hundred nautical miles have yet to be manufactured to complete the tale, exclusive of the shore ends, which will be most massive, and in length some thirty miles. The factory now turns out fourteen miles a day of completed rope, which, in four months' time, will give 1350 miles, at the present rate of working, though, of course, as the days grow longer, so, in proportion, will the hours of labour. It is considered, therefore, that the work would be well advanced if 2000 miles had to be completed instead of 1500. Two hulks have been placed at the disposal of the company by the Admiralty—the Iris and the Amethyst. As soon as the Iris, now off the works, is filled with her quantum of 250 miles, she will be towed down to the Great Eastern, and the Amethyst will take her place; and in this manner, for the next four months, the shipment of cable will be continuous. The cable is wound on board these hulks at the rate of little over two miles an hour, and, as the days are short and there is little night-work, the rate of shipment is not much ahead of the rate of manufacture. During this winding on board the hulks, as during every other process, the tests for insulation and "conductivity" are continued with the same scrupulous care.

Our Engraving shows the process of running off the cable from the works into the receptacle prepared for it on board the Iris. We also give transverse and longitudinal sections of the cable. The white streaks in the centre of the former are, of course, the telegraphic wires.

The interior of the Great Eastern is undergoing important alterations to fit her for her new duties as a cable-ship. The great object with such ships is to get as few coils of cable as



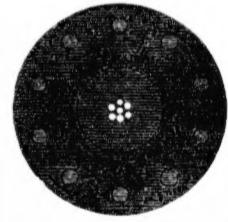
SHIPPING THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE AT GREENWICH.

possible—in fact, if possible to have it all in one. Large, however, as the Great Eastern is, she could never hold the Atlantic cable in one coil, for, apart from its weight, which is 6000 tons, its bulk in one mass would be gigantic—a coil 65ft. in diameter and nearly 60ft. high, enough to fill Astley's Theatre from the ground of the circus almost to the roof. It is disposed, therefore, in three circular tanks—one aft, one amidships, and one forward. Each of these tanks is of solid wrought iron, water-tight, built on what is called the 30-foot deck, and, with some minute differences which are not worth mentioning, all are as nearly as possible alike in size—viz., 58 ft. diameter and 20 ft. high. The forward tank is from the shape of the ship, smaller in diameter than those amidships and aft, but the heights of all are alike. This tank is entirely finished, and in readiness for the reception of the first portion of the cable. The after-tank is about three parts complete, but no commencement has yet been made with that which will occupy the midship portion of the vessel further than the removal of the cabins, decks, and, indeed, the entire interior portion of the ship. In order to sustain the enormous additional weight which

will be placed on the decks when the whole of the cable is on board, the deck on which the tanks are erected is being strengthened by a system of knees and deck beams, while the lateral pressure of the cable against the sides of the tanks will be overcome by an arrangement of beams and supports, with the object of confining the dead weight of the cable to the centre of the ship, and preventing, or rather overcoming, the outward pressure of the enormous mass when the vessel is rolling—as the Great Eastern does roll—at sea. The three tanks will hold respectively 817, 803, and 633 miles of cable, giving a total length of 22,65 miles. No final arrangements have yet been made as to the rules to be followed in laying the cable, but it will, of course, be commenced from this side of the Atlantic and carried across to Newfoundland, to get the benefit of the westerly winds which generally blow in summer. Steaming against a head wind, the Great Eastern is as steady as a rock. The rate of steaming across will never exceed seven knots an hour, and at this rate the great object of the expedition ought to be accomplished in from ten to eleven days.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF CABLE.



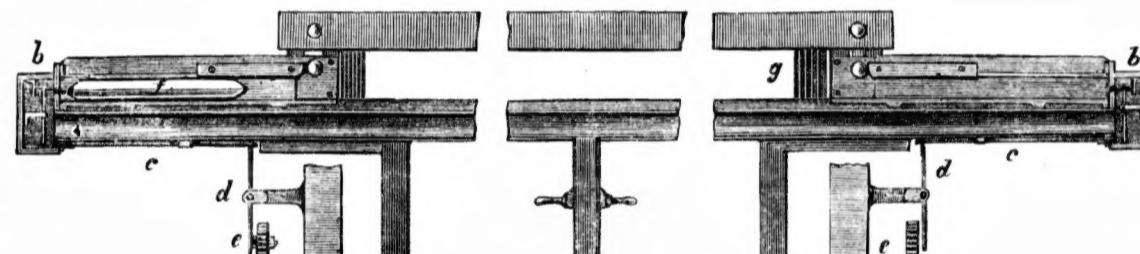
TRANSVERSE SECTION OF CABLE.

WEAVING BY PNEUMATIC POWER.

NONE of our great mechanical contrivances, when in the full tide of work, contribute more importantly to the national prosperity of the kingdom than our power-looms. Their number is close upon 500,000; the manufacture to supply their wear and tear amounts, for home consumption alone, to 40,000 looms yearly; they give employment to nearly 800,000 men, women, and children; and before the great disaster of the American war fell upon our cotton districts they produced exports to the value of £72,000,000 sterling. Immense as are the interests thus engaged, the industry seems yet as capable of almost indefinite extension as it did twenty years ago. As recently as 1862, Lord Derby in the House of Lords spoke of there being 110 new cotton-mills then in course of erection in the manufacturing districts; and some of these buildings were, as his Lordship stated, of unprecedented magnitude. For the germs of this stupendous branch of national industry the country is indebted to the genius of Dr. Cartwright, who, towards the close of the last century, invented a power-loom, in which mechanical "pickers" were substituted for the hands of the weaver in throwing the shuttle to and fro. This rough though ingenious piece of mechanism he afterwards brought to the highest perfection it was capable of attaining by driving the loom by steam, for which invention he very deservedly received a reward of £10,000 from the Government.

But the whole design of the "pickers" which replaced the weavers' arms is more remarkable as showing the bent of Dr. Cartwright's original surgical studies than as a good mechanical contrivance—just such a machine, in short, as we should expect an anatomist, but not an engineer, to invent. The "pickers" are at best but clumsy iron arms, to the rigid movements of which some suppleness is imparted by what we may call the muscles of buffalo-hide. So far is the power exerted from its source, so ill adapted are the means through which it is conveyed, that a pressure of 48 lb. has to be exercised at one end of the arm to produce a pressure of some eight or nine ounces at the other. Since that time, now eighty years ago, no great improvement in principle has been made in Dr. Cartwright's power-loom. Many alterations have been made in detail, such as the protector-loom by Mr. Miller, the crank-loom by Mr. Horrocks, and without which Cartwright's loom could not well have been worked with safety to the weaver or the weft; but no change has taken place in principle, though some of the details have been

THE PNEUMATIC LOOM, RECENTLY INVENTED BY MR. C. W. HARRISON.



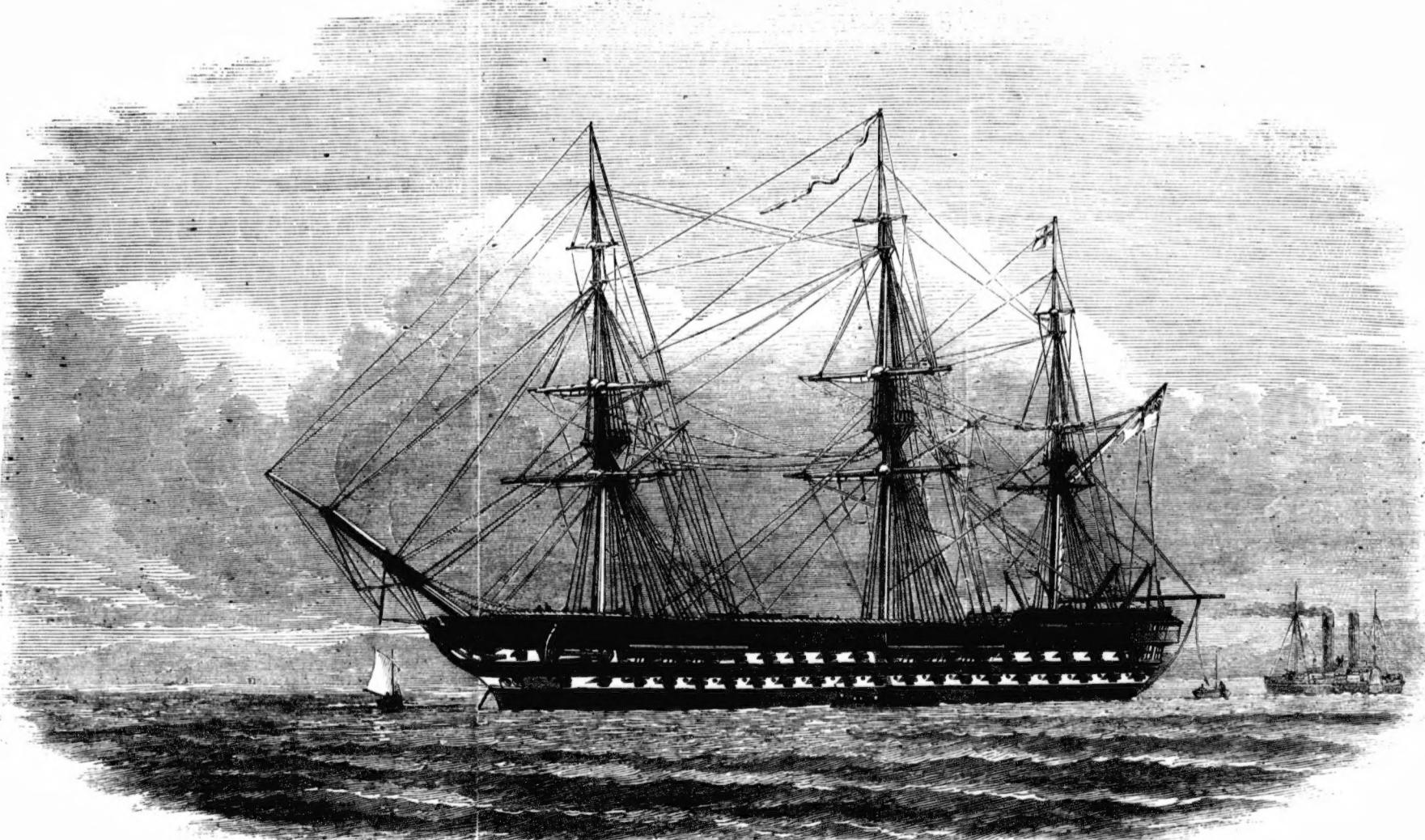
VERTICAL SECTION OF THE LATHE.

undoubted improvements and of great practical value. What the grievances were which were remedied may be guessed by those which still remain behind; and though we have neither time nor space to recount them all, nor would their technical phraseology be very intelligible to our readers if we did, still enough may be told to show how much yet remains to be accomplished. First,

comparative silence of the pneumatic-loom, unbroken save by its jets of compressed air lightly blowing the shuttle backwards and forwards, the rapidity and certainty with which the shuttle flies, and the beautifully even texture of its work, show at a glance that the present method is really distanced beyond a chance of competition by the new. Both machines, it must be remembered, work under

the picker, to perform its peculiar duties and throw the shuttle to and fro, has to work its leather muscles over an iron spindle at a considerable loss of power from hard friction. To relieve this friction the spindle has to be kept oiled, or it heats, and is torn out bodily by the picker. If too much oiled, as it generally is to enable the weavers to work fast, the picker throws the oil on the weft, and for every spot the weaver is fined 6d.; while the spots deteriorate the value of the piece from 2s. to 3s. If the pickers work too fast or too slow then the loom "bangs," or the shuttle turns over, or the selvages are bad, and the piece is spoilt. Then, again, the picker cuts the weft, blacks the weft, breaks the thread, or knocks off the "cops," besides other less serious evils, all due to the direct action of the picker, or some one of its very many complicated parts. As we have said, the attention of all loom-makers has been constantly fixed on the improvement of their looms, in simplifying or increasing their powers of motion; but the alterations have had no reference to changing the principle ordinarily employed in propelling the shuttle, the imperfections of which are so detrimental to its full working effect. But now an invention has recently been made by Mr. C. W. Harrison of a means of driving the shuttle, at once so novel, yet so perfectly simple, that the only wonder now is why it was never thought of before. It consists not in improving the pickers, or lessening their cumbersome appendages, but in doing away with them at once and for ever, and substituting for all that imperfect motion the driving of the shuttle by means of compressed air on a principle as simply as it is beautifully applied. This total change from the old system may be said to at once remove all those contingencies which disturb the action of the present looms, and to reduce the conditions of velocity of the loom to one consideration only—the strength of the staple employed.

To realise the superiority of this simple improvement over the ordinary calico loom worked with pickers, those interested in this question have but to visit Swan Wharf, London Bridge, where, side by side, the two looms can now be seen in action every day. The com-



HER MAJESTY'S SHIP BOMBAY, BURNED OFF MONTEVIDEO, DECEMBER 11

precisely the same conditions as to amount of steam-power, yet the useful maximum and working velocity of the picker-loom is 180 strokes or picks a minute; while the pneumatic throws its shuttle with the most perfect ease and precision at 250 and 260 picks a minute. At these comparative rates of speed, although the yarns are of precisely the same quality and number in both machines, breakages are common in the picker-loom, and rarely, if ever, happen in the new. Nor is the difference less signalized demonstrated when both are disconnected from the steam-engine and the visitor tries to work them by hand. The pneumatic-loom can be kept in rapid motion easily, while the heavy nature of the parts and the great waste of power which the pickers occasion require the efforts of a strong man to keep the present loom going even slowly. The saving of steam-power from this increased facility of movement would of itself be an enormous gain, if there were no other, as it is calculated that the steam-power now requisite to drive eight of the present looms will suffice for fifteen on the pneumatic principle. In practice, and as far as it has yet been tried, the new loom beats the old under all circumstances by at least one third greater power of production; but allowing it only a gain of 25 per cent, this would give, taking the average production of present looms at 222 yards per week, or 11,100 yards a year, an annual increase of 2800 yards to each pneumatic-loom. This calculation carried a step further, and, supposing the pneumatic principle applied to all the 500,000 looms in the kingdom, as it is presumed such an improvement will be gradually, their increased powers would represent an aggregate increase of production of 1,400,000,000 yards of fabric. In first cost it is stated that the new loom is cheaper than those now in use, and, if cheaper and more handy to work, all the rest is easily enough demonstrated, for an examination with a strong magnifying-glass at once shows the great superiority as to texture and neatness of work by the pneumatic over the fabric turned out by the present looms.

The means of applying the compressed air to the new loom are as simple as all other parts of the invention. There is, of course, in the first instance, an air-pump, which may be readily connected with the ordinary steam-engine. The air is forced into a small cylinder, and is conducted thence by pipes to each loom. A flexible pipe connects the tube in each loom with a service-pipe on the floor, and at each revolution of a wheel with a graduated cog a small valve is raised, which immediately admits the air, as required, into the shuttle-box at each end. So far as the other working portions of the loom are concerned, there is really no difference between the present power-loom and the new one. The mode of forming warp and weft, and of carrying the thread by the shuttle, remains the same. The great feature of difference is, that the shuttle is wafted to and fro by a breath of air, instead of being driven backwards and forwards by the blows of the "pickers" attached to the flexible arms of the mechanical levers. The principle, it is scarcely necessary to say, can be applied equally to looms required for cotton, flax, woollen, or silk fabrics.

Our larger Engraving shows the pneumatic-loom in a complete form, while the smaller one represents a vertical section through the lathe, in which *a* is the upright flexible tube through which the air is conveyed from the main-service pipe under the floor along the lathe into the airtight valve boxes (*b b*), in each of which is a small lever serving to open a small valve at the proper instant for propelling the shuttle. These levers are worked by means of a spindle (*c c*) attached to the under side of the lathe, and acted upon by the horizontal pressure of the two bent levers (*d d*), alternately worked by the small studs attached to the toothed wheels (*e e*), thus admitting a jet of air to the box, or chamber, in which the shuttle (*f f*) fits, airtight. The action is therefore much the same as that of a ball projected from the barrel of an air-gun. *g* is the reed, serving to comb up the weft as the lathe advances. The simplicity of this arrangement is very obvious to all who are acquainted with the "picking" motion at present in use.

MR BRIGHT AND THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT.—When this Government was formed some people did me the honour to suppose I should be asked to take office in Lord Palmerston's Government along with my friends Mr. Gibson and Mr. Cobden. Mr. Cobden was in America at the time, though I suppose they disliked him rather less. Mr. Cobden did not take the seat offered him, for reasons then made public; but the reason given to me—and which, I presume, came from Lord Palmerston, to be conveyed to me—was, that I had expressed opinions in recent speeches with regard to institutions, or an institution, which the majority of Englishmen deemed essential, which would make it impossible for him, though personally he had no objection to it, to offer me a seat in his Government. I had attended meetings here, in Glasgow, in Manchester, in Edinburgh, and in Bradford, and the largest room in all these places could not contain one half of those who wished to come, when some things said upon the question I was discussing, and the speeches which were then made, were supposed to be attended with rather less reverence for the House of Lords than some persons thought proper, and therefore, though I was fit to be your representative, and was applauded by listening thousands of my fellow-countrymen, I was not qualified to take office in her Majesty's Government.—*Mr. Bright at Birmingham.*

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENTS IN FRANCE.—A few years ago a vast tract of country, called "Les Landes," situated to the south-west of Bordeaux, and extending to about twenty leagues in length and twelve in breadth, along the Bay of Biscay, was inhabited by a few miserable shepherds, whose families lived in a state of semi-barbarism, and were annually decimated by marsh fever and ague. The whole of this desolate region, parched in summer and submerged in winter, was valued in 1846 at 900,000£, the precise sum for which a single hectare of ground at Montmartre may be purchased. To M. Chambrelent it first occurred that it would be possible to transform this vast waste into a habitable country at the cost of one sou per square yard, or 20£ per hectare. In 1849 he purchased the bog of St. Alban, and commenced operations, the result of which is that a thriving farm and village have replaced a swampy marsh, a hectare of potatoes producing 145 hectolitres, or a net profit of 435£; a hectare of tobacco, giving a gross return of 1045£, and a net profit of 330£, or six times the value of the soil. The purchase-money of the estate was 50,000£; 100,000£ has been laid out on it, and in twenty years its woods alone will bring up the value to 1,000,000£. M. Chambrelent in vain urged his neighbours to follow his system, when, in 1857, an Imperial decree took the municipal councilors of the district by surprise, giving them twelve years wherein to drain and sow 150,000 hectares. There was nothing for it but to sell, and that quickly. At first purchasers came in slowly; but prices rose, and 85,000 hectares were bought by the Imperial Government, which accepted a contract by which this tract was to be thoroughly drained and cultivated by 1869, whereas it will be completed by 1864. The result already obtained at a part called Ludos, where a paragon has been especially cultivated, is that the first bundle sent up to the Paris market last spring fetched the enormous sum of 30£. This is scarcely to be credited of a country where, five years ago, the inhabitants stalked about on stilts four or five feet high. The result is that 3000 square kilometres—a space six times the extent of the Department of the Seine—have been reclaimed, and 150 square kilometres annexed to the French territory without a shot fired or protocol signed.

SINGULAR DISCOVERIES.—The salt mines of Hallstatt, in Austria, are well known as being among the richest in Europe; but a new interest will henceforth attach to them in consequence of the patient researches continued for the last fourteen years by their present director, M. Ramsauer, as we collect from a letter addressed by M. Fournet to M. Elie de Beaumont, and by the latter communicated to the Academy of Sciences. In the neighbourhood of Hallstatt there is the Rudolfsturm, a tower situated in the midst of an Alpine valley, in which the salt mines above alluded to are situated. Here M. Ramsauer has discovered and explored no less than 962 tombs, of the ages of bronze and iron. In some of these tombs the skeleton was found entire; in others only the ashes; in others, again, the bodies were found to have been only partially burnt, sometimes the head only, and sometimes the feet. When the head only had been burnt, its ashes were placed at the feet of the body. The objects found in these tombs are extremely interesting; among them we may mention 182 bronze vases, the largest of which are ninety centimetres in height. In those days soldering seems to have been unknown, since these vases are composed of pieces neatly riveted together. Besides these, there are scarfs and belts, not of skin or textile materials, but of thin bronze with ornamental chasings, quite similar to those found in Helvetic and ante-Roman tombs, as, for instance, near Besançon; then knives, daggers, swords, and lanceheads, both bronze and iron; hatchets of bronze, of two principal patterns, one called the celt and the other the paxtib, with four blades; then amber collars, a very few glass beads, two small glass vases, hundreds of fibulae, hairpins, bronze bracelets, and other trinkets, some of the latter attached to chains not unlike our modern watch-chains; also a deal of ornamental pottery, a few ivory articles, such as knife-handles and sword hilts, one of which is inlaid with amber; and, lastly, a little gold, but not a particle of silver, and not a trace of money or an alphabet. M. Ramsauer has also discovered, in the mines themselves, the old galleries worked by the ancient race whose traces he has discovered, and the tools with which they had been worked. These tools are bronze pickaxes.

Literature.

Maud Neville. In two volumes. Smith, Elder, and Co. This is a very young-lady-like story indeed. With one exception, its share of crime, or sin, or vice springs from a cultivated tone of society, instead of that lower or lowest stage so familiar to readers of recent fiction. The story is not powerful; indeed, it is rather weak; but it has one excellent point—that it deceives the reader on the important subject of whom the heroine will marry, provided she does not ultimately elect to remain single. This young lady, Maud Neville, resides with an old lady, a distant relation, as a poor companion-relation—of course, with the understanding of being down in the will. But this aged Miss Walden, of Walden Court, has a nephew and heir-at-law, Captain Victor Louvaine, and this young gentleman makes furious love to Maud, who is consequently "led such a life" by the old grand-aunt that she determines to go forth as a governess. The old lady wishes her nephew to marry into some rich and noble family; and as Maud, in tragedy tones, declares that she never can or will love or marry Victor, he departs, and the old lady consents to Maud's request. But the governess scheme is kept a secret everywhere, for fear of the Waldens' pride receiving a violent snub in neighbourly eyes. At this point it would be easy for Miss Neville to change her mind about Victor, but there is another character to be mentioned. This is a local baronet, a handsome young lover of Nature, architecture, and—Maud. He calls her dear, and they talk "poetical religion" by the chapter, much to the stifled anger of Lady Clifford, a vain and frivolous nonentity. If anything happens to Lady Clifford, Victor will have a formidable rival. But Maud becomes a governess in the family of the Grahams, retired tradespeople, very rich and very vulgar. This leads to another lover. Passing a winter in Brussels, they encounter the Honourable Captain Chichester, who makes love to Maud, and has it returned, but who makes love to the eldest Miss Graham also, for the sake of better opportunities of gaining Maud's society. But the whole affair is a delusion. The young ladies quarrel about their one lover; Captain Chichester causes Maud to be acquainted with the fact that he is a desperate rogue, and was only flirting; and old Mr. Graham, thinking his daughter's deception is owing to the duplicity of Maud, dismisses that young person with the usual auricular confusion. In the mean time, Miss Walden has died intestate, and Maud has decided on not taking a penny in charity from Victor. Victor, by-the-way, has married. Sir Arthur Clifford is divorced from his wife, who has eloped with a Mr. St. John; and on Maud's return to England she hears that Captain Chichester has blown out his brains at Homburg. Sir Arthur is free, but does not propose, although the conversations are lovely. But he proposes to another girl, and marries. Thus Maud's prospects look desperate; or would look so, but for a background person who has long been in love with her. A chapter or two of aesthetical conversation settles the affair, and closes the second of two fairly readable volumes.

The characters and the writing of Maud Neville are singularly uneven—good and bad. The heroine is especially good, for she maintains a certain dignity and logical position in her relations to her four lovers. The men are not beauties. Victor a nobody, Chichester better, the parson too vague, but the baronet the best, a dreamy idler, who thinks everybody must be happy who is near to his own self-satisfaction and weak indolence, and who is awakened to despair at the natural consequence—the elopement of his differently-constituted wife. The Graham family make a good, but scarcely new, picture; and there are a few more hangers-on who need not be mentioned. For style, it is difficult to understand how a young lady, who generally writes with reason and good sense, could conceive the long dialogue of which the following is a specimen. Maud is speaking to Victor's father just after the death of Miss Walden:—"She talked of making her will just before her death, but I know she did not do it." "Dear me! I am really very sorry for you;" but Maud felt it was rather a contrary emotion to the one he professed which was excited in the General's mind: "surely you are not left portionless?" "Yes, I believe so; in fact, I am sure of it; but pray don't pity me. I would rather it should be so." "I suppose, as there is no will, everything, all Miss Walden's disposable property, goes with the entail—that is, to my son?" he continued, musingly. "Of course I have no right to anything, nor have I any wish for it; I infinitely prefer to earn my bread," &c. Now that is not the way in which general officers and young ladies talk on such important subjects in the midst of mourning. And see how this spirit of independence works. Maud "earns her bread" with the Grahams, and the parvenu pupils have a nice time of it with a governess who rigidly does her duty, but does it with the coldness of a machine rather than with the warmth of a human being. Of course "the world" has made her cold, and the little Grahams come in for the benefit of it. Maud laments that she has no influence over her pupils, and a wise friend tells her, "If you were kind to your pupils instead of polite—warm and interested, instead of cold and mechanical—you would find the influence gradually come. You will never do anything with Charlotte by going on as you have begun. Put yourself in her place. Would you be guided by a person who behaved towards you as you do to her?" Maud gives way at once. But it is scarcely for its teaching that the book will be read, but for a reasonable amount of story very well told.

The Slang Dictionary; or, the Vulgar Words, Street Phrases, and "Fast" Expressions of High and Low Society. J. C. HOTTEN. This curious book may be described as a new edition of "The Dictionary of Modern Slang, Cant, and Vulgar Words," originally issued in 1859, materially increased in a second edition, and now so much enlarged as to have risen from 3000 words up to 10,000. It may claim to be one of the most curious books in the language, full of lore that is always entertaining, whilst day by day its value must be increasing in the eyes of all who take the faintest interest in English manners, language, and literature. It may tax patience somewhat to agree with Mr. Hotten that "the philologist and the historian usually find in such material the best evidences of a people's progress or decline," because all histories which are at all domestic or personal, whether recording the progress or decline of a nation, invariably show that a liberal amount of what may generally be termed slang has accompanied every age. Thus, to take the most familiar illustration, England in Richard III's time must be held to have been declining, and declining materially, when reckoned in comparison with the liberties and glories gained in succeeding ages. Slanging, nicknaming, and so forth, went on in Richard's time; but when England, under the Commonwealth, was making great progress, and conserving by the sword the liberties purchased of the first Tudor, slanging and nicknaming went on as much as ever. And so it has done to this day. Yet there is little or no slang in Hallam or in Froude, whilst Macaulay, writing from his different materials, teems with it. But, of course, political slang must be expected to preponderate. Mr. Buckle, as quoted by Mr. Hotten, hit the value of slang, without pledging himself to histories of declines and progresses. "Many of these words and phrases, he used to say, are but serving their apprenticeship, and will eventually become the active strength of our language." Mr. Buckle's remark is quite sufficient to justify the publication of the "Slang Dictionary," and the subject is well worthy the pains bestowed upon it by Mr. Hotten, whose labours are sufficient to startle the "fastest man" who ever "went in" for leadership in the sporting and other indecorous worlds. A very great number of words will meet the majority of eyes for the first time, although, what with a certain "free-and-easiness" about modern society, a boisterousness, a more jovial intermingling of the sexes, as evidenced by croquet, &c., and all of which is only the natural reaction from the Trimmers, the Chafones, and the Hannah Mores of a past age, there is very much in this amusing book familiar enough to "hall and bower, amongst the proud and gay;" and John Leech is the best possible evidence that ladies indulge in it as well as gentlemen.

However good, it cannot be expected that such a book would be perfect so early as a third edition. Accordingly (although, be it known, we frequent the most austere society), we find many points which are strangely incorrect and might have been made perfect with ease. A few indications may be of use. "Stick," in its theatrical sense, does not mean to forget the part, but to be stiff and awkward. "Cherubins" is surely an improper plural, even when applied to chorister-boys. A signification of an "alderman," not given, is a long pipe, much longer than a "churchwarden," and which is almost invariably marked with masonic arms. And a famous word, "Slockolager," the only explanation of which we can give is that it is sporting, likewise does not appear. Amongst the omissions must also be reckoned "Rat's tail" for a *capias*. To say "Acres, a coward;" "Jeremy Diddler, an adept at raising the wind;" and "Sergeant Kite, a recruiting sergeant," is too bad. Surely "The Rivals," "Jeremy Diddler," and "The Recruiting Officer" might have been mentioned as dramas from which they are derived. Mawworm and Marplot are similarly treated; but our old friend, "Jerry Sneak," is honestly assigned to "The Mayor of Garrett." Bastile was the name of the prison celebrated in the French Revolution, not the name for prisons in general. The information about "a sell" is scanty, excepting that Shakespeare uses it in the light of blinding or deceiving. Dryden deliberately says, "Sold a bargain;" and Shakespeare's

Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,

For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold,

must surely be part and parcel of the same derivation. "Sop," a Cambridge term, is certainly not the "abbreviation of Sophister," but of *Sophomore*. "Bemuse" is not necessarily to be intoxicated with liquor; and the authority, "bemusing himself with beer," from Sala's "Gaslight and Daylight," is altogether wrong. Mr. Sala is evidently quoting, but not rigidly, from Pope's prologue to the "Satires"—a passage of sufficient celebrity to warrant its issue without authority.

This would not be the proper place to attempt to supply omissions; but no doubt there are hundreds of slang phrases yet to come. We should, however, have liked, especially as Mr. Hotten gives a similar instance, to have seen the "Why, Kill'em, and Cart'em, and Cantyoubur' em!" the local jesting for the stations on the South-Eastern railway, amongst which a bad accident occurred—namely, Wye, Chilham, Chatham, and Canterbury. In all probability the reader will discover, besides the omission, the presence of many words which in no way can be associated with slang, cant, or vulgarisms. Thus there are many words of Hindostane branded as slang, and the necessity for discrimination is evident. To say "That is the Stilton" is slang enough; whilst to say "That is the cheese or chiz" (Persian for "thing") is no more slang than to use the many French words which in modern days have grown into the language. To call an "ayah" an "ayah" is no more slang than it is to call a spade a spade.

TWO ESSAYISTS.

To-day. Essays and Miscellanies. By JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, Author of "Underground London," "Odd Journeys," "Under Bow Bells," "Ragged London," &c. 2 vols. London: Groombridge and Sons. **Every-day Papers.** By ANDREW HALLIDAY. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

We have much pleasure in commanding the volumes entitled "To-day" to intelligent readers. Mr. Hollingshead is a keen observer, a coherent thinker, and a fearless writer. He may also take high rank as a humourist; but his studies of modern life carry with them a burden of serious intent, logically urged, which gives them a quite distinct place in writings of their class. If there be an error in Mr. Hollingshead's mind, the reader feels sure it must be initial; there is none in the *process*. This gentleman is undoubtedly entitled to congratulate himself, as he does in his preface, upon the consistency with which he has always maintained his own "Benthamite principles" while writing in periodicals of very different kinds.

It is the opinion of the present writer (for a casual criticism is hardly the place for opinions without reasons backed by the arrogant "we" which critics so freely use) that there is, in the mind of this acute essayist an initial error—or, in other words, that "Benthamite principles" are wrong; or again, and preferably, that the first principle of Benthamism is not the "criterion" which Bentham sought. Still, Benthamism may be got to coincide so very nearly with results sought to be reached by another path, that it is only thinkers of the Carlylese and Ruskinse schools that wish to be understood as *opposing* it. The present writer is far from wishing to be so understood, and the less so that Benthamism may be worked under the shelter of any religious creed whatever, which gives it an immense practical advantage. Briefly, then, here is a suggestion respectfully offered to Mr. Hollingshead. He has evidently much more power than he shows. Such readiness as his in pigeon-holing details, and putting the round and square facts into the right spaces, is the invariable index of the mastery of principles (right or wrong principles is another question). Now, Mr. Hollingshead would, we think, do good service to the world if he brought his faculty of popular exposition to the task of a complete, but "easy," manual of Benthamism. This might be made a very amusing book. Mr. Mill is by no means a humourist; but it is impossible to read his defence of Bentham against Whewell without laughter, and Mr. Hollingshead would have made it "as good as a play." If we were asked to choose between Whewell and Bentham, we should say—Neither! But no man can be a Benthamite without having some idea of what justice is; and that's a rare accomplishment, as things go. "Generosity" is cheap in comparison, and we could do without a great deal that takes the name.

We are glad to find Mr. Hollingshead taking up, among other things, the question of free-trade in cab-hire. If he can write with patience of the present state of the law in that respect he may find plenty to say, and will have backers more than he thinks for.

Mr. Andrew Halliday presents us, in "Every-day Papers," with a book of a different character from the one just mentioned, but it is a very capital book. Everybody knows the author of "My Account with her Majesty," and everybody has already laughed over some of these papers. For ourselves, we have laughed again, and warmly, recommend these essays and sketches as full of suggestion, information, cheerful social criticism, and graceful humour. Probably the article on "Debt," that about "Odd Fellows," and the one we have just mentioned, have done as much good in their way as any fly-sheets ever thrown off in the whirl of modern journalism. The picture of Dr. Goliath will be recognised by a large circle of readers as a very happy likeness of a man who deserved being "taken."

It is not easy to over-rate the value of good-tempered humour like Mr. Halliday's. "My Pantomime" is an article which, translated into plain English, means that the majority of theatre-goers like the bad jokes better than the good ones. That is nothing new, but it is very irritating. Up comes Mr. Halliday, however, and puts it into a dress which makes it better than new, and takes out the sting. A man who is eating your larder empty is not a pleasant fellow, but Mr. Halliday makes him very tolerable. "Had it not been that there were in the joint three wooden skewers, to which I helped him plentifully, I feel certain Perkins would have gone to bed with an appetite. It was a source of great satisfaction to me to observe that Perkins regarded the slices of skewer in the light of horse-radish." We might say, in fact, of writing like Mr. Halliday's that it has the merit attributed to Goldsmith's writings by Mr. Forster, it "contrives to reconcile us to human nature." Just so; and blessings on the contriver, whatever his name is!

We have to congratulate Mr. Halliday, as well as Mr. Hollingshead, on hitting the right nail on the head in some matters of social economy. Apropos of the trade in beer and spirits, we particularly admire what he has to say about breaking up the monopoly, destroying "the tyranny of the drink interest," and "throwing the trade open." Here, as in a thousand other cases, it is the Government which begins the mischief by meddling beyond its province. Then the evil grows; then we have Maine-law insolence, in all its various shades of stupidity; and the good have to do their old, old work—that of suffering for the bad.

OUR FEUILLETON.

MILITARY BOHEMIANS UNDER THE EAGLES.

III.

The Turcos, the Zouaves, and certainly the Zephirs—those dashing *mauvais sujets* of the French army—have as keen a relish as any of the lively birds of the Foreign Legion for the pleasures of the table without a table, and the delights of wines and spirits, known under the eagle as schnick. The long marches which all the soldiers of the regiments of Africa are compelled to make over sandy wilds in pursuit of refractory tribes of Arabs, often find them, at the end of a day's weary journeying, with little or nothing in their possession to comfort the inner man. It is when the column has come to a halt for the night in this unsatisfactory predicament that the genius of the military Bohemian shines forth in all its brilliancy. These gay Bohemians have been the life and soul of every dusty company on its march. It is they who have remembered the Zephir's *Marsellaise*, or the "Etoile du Bazar," in which African soldiers delight. These minstrels of the march are not restrained when they go forth from the encampment in search of provisions by any punctilious morality. It is understood when they go forth as birds of prey that, at all risks and perils, they will return with something to put into the cauldron to cook for the *rata*. The Zephirs have a whimsical story of the march of a detachment from Oran to Mascara, under the command of a corporal of German extraction. The corporal's detachment consisted of men of all arms—the hussar, the chasseur, the dragoon, the artilleryman, and the simple *Piu-Piu* were there. They were disgraced soldiers from various regiments who were on their way, as a punishment, to join the Battalion of Africa. It was no punishment to them, however; for the fame of the Zephirs, their amusements, their lax discipline, and their wild and humorous adventures, had elated with the pleasure of anticipation the breasts of the disgraced hussar and chasseur. It is said that every regiment in the French army is represented in the tumultuous, unscrupulous, but lively and brave Battalion of Africa. Men of all conditions; broken-down lawyers, doctors, and spendthrifts; the obstinate, imprudent, and hot-headed, more than the absolutely vicious, compose this corps, that covered itself with glory on the famous day of Mazagran. The Zephirs are, and for good reasons, the terror of the peaceful Arab and European population of Algeria. The Zephir has seldom a centime in his pocket, except when he has just returned from a very successful *razzia*. Then, his money burns in his pocket and he throws it wildly to the right and to the left. His normal condition, however, is that of a cunning bird of prey. Yet his joyous and prodigal nature makes him a favourite in those places where he is in garrison.

The detachment of Zephirs in the party commanded by the German corporal encamped outside the redoubt at Zabra. The corporal gave each man his day's pay and left them free, warning them that they must be on the move before daybreak the following morning. They were now gay as larks. They were left free, with a fair, peaceable population at hand, to provide their dinner in the best way they could. They struck out in small detachments, having laid many crafty plans and plots against the peaceable folk in and around the redoubt. All their wit, and wiles, and tricks were brought into requisition. They had a humorous way with them of cheating and robbing.

"How much for this meat?" a Zephir, backed by a companion or two, called airily to a butcher.

"Ten sous," was the answer.

"No nonsense," the Zephir continued. "Why, it's cheaper at Mascara. Why, there we give five sous a pound for it, and the butcher rimes the 32d for us into the bargain."

I should remark here, that rinsing the 32d is one of the many ways in which a soldier of Africa describes a drink.

The Zabra butcher hesitates, and is full of excuses.

"Come, come," cries the Zephir; "serve us quickly, and no more of your talk. One would think you had been feeding on thistles this morning."

"I shan't; you're a fool," the butcher replies.

Whereupon the Zephir threatens, and reminds the butcher that Zephirs, as a rule, are handy with their fists. The frightened butcher, knowing his customers, was about to serve out his meat even at the Zephir's ruinous price, in order to get the light-fingered soldiers out of his place, when he suddenly missed a fine leg of mutton.

"You have robbed me!" he shouted.

"I?" calmly replied the Zephir who had been bargaining with him. "You're joking! Search me. You see there's nothing in my hands and nothing in my pockets!"

"Then it's the comrade who stood behind you."

"Not a bit of it. He is at the door. Call him if you think he has put his hands on your stock."

The second Zephir had passed forward the missing leg, and just amused himself by proving to the Arab butcher that he had subtrated nothing from the shop.

The butcher stamped and swore, and vowed he would lay the case before the commanding officer. The Zephirs only laughed and amused themselves at his extravagant gesticulations, and then went their way with a shrug of the shoulders. In one direction a Zouave was seen making off with a sugar-loaf. In another, an old hand at the game was perceived quietly putting a village cock to death. In little groups the men returned to their encampment, each man bringing something to the *gambelle*. Their presence spread an alarm through the place. But what cared they? Their *pot-au-feu* was well supplied, and they were off on the morrow; so they sat smoking round about their kitchen fires, gossiping about the morrow that was to bring them to the head-quarters of the battalion at Mascara. Presently the corporal in command arrived, and sat in the midst of his men. He vowed that he was very hungry, and asked when the soup would be ready. Presently one of the elder soldiers ventured to remark that their corporal had got very stout of late. The corporal responded with a malicious grin, and presently, being hard pressed, drew forth from under his coat a colossal "rabbit of the gutter"—a tortoiseshell rabbit! It had purred and hissed its last. Its appearance was received with a peal of laughter, and possibly a few stomachs felt slight qualms when the animal, dexterously cut up, was added to the great *pot-au-feu*. The corporal took possession of the skin, observing that he should have it made into slippers for himself. The soup bubbled and sent forth pleasant fumes among the company, and they exchanged confidences about the crimes and misdemeanours that had won them the distinction of serving in the Battalion of Africa. One had broken his musket (frequent crime with the discontented soldier), and others were preparing to make a clean breast of their delinquencies, when a colonist rushed, white with anger, into the midst of the soldiers.

"Brigands! thieves! blackguards!" he cried, "you have stolen my cat—you have strangled it—perhaps cooked it. Assassins! vultures! you shall give it back to me, or you will not soon hear the last of this!"

The placid and imperturbable Zephirs did not move from their seats on the grass. Still smoking their pipes, they surveyed the irascible colonist, and smiled significantly at each other.

"You don't answer—you laugh. Scoundrels! you have put the poor creature in the stew. The dear animal is there—I know it."

And then the late proprietor of the cat pointed to the steaming soup-kettles.

"Corporal!" he said, turning to that humble officer, "I appeal to your authority. Order my cat to be given up to me."

The corporal answered by raising himself and discovering at his feet the skin of the devoted quadruped. The colonist seized the skin, and, beating right and left with it at the soldiers, swore his hatred at them.

"Vagabonds! brigands!" he shouted, "you shall hear of this at Mascara."

The violence of the intruder at length exhausted the patience of the Zephirs. They rose, relieved him of the skin which he held in

his hand, and, with much mock ceremony, conducted him out of their camp.

This may be fairly taken as an example of the manner in which the Zephirs and Turcos, and other soldiers of Africa proceed when they are hard driven for rations on the march. Camus vouches for the truth of it, as he does for a humorous story of the manner in which the promotion of a comrade to the dignity, and emoluments, and authorities of a corporal was once on a time, not more than a year or two ago, celebrated by the Turcos.

It was by a most fortunate accident that Ben-Salem won the stripes of a corporal the first time he was under fire. It is said that on his sudden dignities being first announced to him, he cried, "Allah be praised! I am a corporal!" and then he fainted. Ben-Salem was at the expedition that was retreating on Fleurern; the column had been put to great inconvenience by the mistake of some commissariat officers, who had miscalculated the time of its arrival at a given spot. While waiting for their regular supplies, the troops had been assisted with food by some friendly Arab tribes in their vicinity. The moment, however, was an exceedingly unfavourable one for celebrating with due and customary festivities the new dignity of Ben-Salem; but his subordinates insisted upon pouring wine over his stripes with all the pomp and circumstance that invariably attended the promotion of a soldier belonging to the 2nd Battalion of Turcos. A council was held under the tent of the new corporal. How were they, under existing circumstances, to give due and fitting welcome to the elected one? for due and fitting welcome they were determined, at any cost and risk, to give. To forego the traditional ceremony would be, in the eyes of the Turcos, to stain their uniform. It is a saying of theirs, "We acknowledge no chief until glass in hand, we have proclaimed him." The ex-Zephir—a bold spirit, if ever there was one—opened the discussion,

"You all know," he said, addressing the Turcos who were gathered under the new corporal's tent, "that the commandant has just sent us a pair of stripes in the person of Ben-Salem. We must arrange how we are to offer him the *diffa*. You understand me, gentlemen of the turban. It is a good *zig* (a slang word in Algerian regiments for a hearty comrade, in every way of the right sort). He is my comrade, and I am determined we shall have a mighty feed."

"Good! good! we understand," the Turcos answered in chorus.

The ex-Zephir continued—"I take every responsibility upon myself. I shall only request that old Sidi-Achmet shall accompany me. He speaks French as well as Arabic, and his powers will be necessary to me in the little turn we are going to make. Will you come, old *moricaud*?" (tawny one).

Old Sidi-Achmet responded, with dignity,

"Give me the signal, and I follow you."

"En route, then," cried the ex-Zephir, jumping to his legs.

Half an hour later two men entered the tent of the chief of one of the tribes encamped in the neighbourhood of El-Aricha. Sidi-Achmet was a rare and unctuous epicure. He brightened at the prospect of a banquet; a Mussulman, he treated the Koran as a thing out of date, and was an adept in all the vices of barracks. It was said that, when he made acquaintance with the bottle, his libations were frightful, and he staggered to bed, with his turban cocked on the side of his head, singing verses of that interminable song "The Soldier of Africa," the lively time of which, according to men on the march, positively lifts the heels of the trooper. This worthy Sidi-Achmet and his Bohemian friend Durivet were soon luxuriously spread at full length upon the soft carpet in the Arab chief's tent. The ex-Zephir opened the conversation, after the exchange of the usual courtesies. Durivet was master of an Arab jargon, by which he contrived to make the native chief understand that fortune now opened an opportunity to him of making his name known as Ben-Kraley the Magnificent.

"It is in your power," said the ex-Zephir, in his most insinuating manner, to the chief, "to give the General a great surprise. He entertains this evening the superior officers of the expedition, and he has not the smallest bottle of champagne to offer them. Now, I know that you have rivers of it; and, if you were to let me be bearer of a few samples, the General and his guests would certainly call you the most cultivated chief in the province. They would see, by the refinement of your taste, that you were not merely a tamed savage. Don't you think I am right?" the ex-Zephir asked, examining closely Ben-Kraley's expression.

The chief appeared delighted at the opportunity of receiving the thanks of the French General.

"You are right," he said to Durivet. "The occasion is a precious one, and it shall not escape me."

The chief threw himself back, and, giving himself the airs of a sultan in his seraglio, called to his people to fetch the champagne that was required. Infamed with the idea of being called Ben-Kraley the Magnificent, he ordered some fowls to be killed, had luscious figs and dates carefully packed up, and crowned his presents to the General with a gigantic bottle of rum.

While these provisions were being arranged, the wily Sidi-Achmet supported his companion's statement with apt confirmatory details, which gave it an irresistible appearance of truth. The same strategy was employed with success in other tents, and in a few hours the ex-Zephir and Sidi-Achmet returned with materials for the mighty feed the new corporal's comrade had determined to hold.

The Corporal Ben-Salem was indeed treated to a magnificent feast. Twelve chicken, a lamb, and some wild duck were immolated in his honour. The table was spread in the corporal's tent in an original manner. Knapsacks represented chairs, and candles were stuck upon bayonets. Vessels of any description served for wine glasses. The banquet was served in a gigantic *gambelle*, and the delighted soldiers sat round it, dipping voraciously into it for choice morsels and using hard biscuits for plates. Durivet was president of the festival, with Corporal Ben-Salem on his right and Sidi-Achmet on his left. The general circle of guests consisted of men from the various regiments of the expeditionary column. There were amongst them men who had fallen from good and even high positions, men of education, and men of science, mostly men whose lives had been wrecked, and who had taken refuge in the boisterous life of which this rejoicing was a good example. Durivet was burning with impatience to make known the surprise he had in store for his friends. When justice had been done to the contents of the *gambelle*, Durivet stole out of the tent, and, returning in a few moments, begged to introduce some young persons of high distinction he had under his arm.

The young persons were the poor Arab chief's six bottles of champagne.

"Champagne! Heaven! Champagne!" cried Durivet's comrades.

"Yes, my lambs," the radiant ex-Zephir answered. "Champagne, and good champagne too, I can tell you. This is a pretty picture, I think; eh, my little Zigs?"

A Zouave insisted that Durivet was playing a hoax. Ben-Salem rubbed his eyes and thought he was in a dream. Sidi-Achmet nodded his head with mysterious satisfaction. The corks flew from the bottles, and Zouaves, Turcos, and Zephirs all rushed at the devoted Durivet to get their share of the nectar. The ex-Zephir did not lose his presence of mind for a second. Judging from the voracity of the guests that there might be very little left when all were served, he drew back, filled himself a copious bumper, drank it to the last drop, and then blandly proceeded with the distribution, with the help of Sidi-Achmet. The cheering, the shouts, and the laughter were so protracted and violent that the Adjutant of the Turcos came to inquire the meaning of the uproar. He

contented himself, however, with warning the *convives* to be more moderate in their transports. The champagne having been consumed, the men were ready for any games or jokes. Corporal Ben-Salem, in whose honour the champagne had been consumed, was bound to make his contribution towards the amusement of the evening. Durivet insisted that their guest should execute a furious *bamboula*, a wild dance, in which the active humour is not fettered by any laws of decency. Durivet himself beat time on the back of a *gambelle*. The new corporal, inspired by the cheers and laughs of his spectators, threw himself into the most

extraordinary contortions, and worked himself up into the most dangerous state of excitement. The fever became general. Turbans were torn off, kepis were lying about in all directions with coats and jackets. A climax came when the gigantic bottle of rum was brought forward. The wild Turcos obstinately insisted that they would carry Durivet, the prince of Bohemians, and Ben-Salem, the regenerator of the *bamboula*, in triumph. But, happily for all parties, the shrill voices of the bugles sounded the extinction of the camp fires, and the inflexible Adjutant warned the turbulent troopers that the time had come to separate.

And Ben-Salem, after the courteous custom of his race, conducted home the guests who had banqueted in his honour.

SAMUEL HAHNEMANN.

THERE was once a physician at Leipsic who was so original that he refused to take fees from his patients. He had a great reputation, and was a man of vast learning; but in spite of that, or perhaps on account of that, he suddenly became convinced that the medical system in vogue was absolutely without value—that it cured no diseases, and that at most it only sufficed, in some instances, to alleviate pain. He was determined to prescribe no more until he could prescribe with certainty, and in the meanwhile resolved to give no medical advice whatever.

Hahnemann had a wife who in one respect was like the wife of Bernard Palissy, the potter. She objected strongly to her husband sacrificing everything to a problematic future. Palissy used to break down the doors of his house and burn them in his furnace when in want of firewood for his experiments. Hahnemann, with hundreds of patients anxious to see him and to fee him, refused to prescribe, and persisted in his refusal, in spite of the distress which was thereby occasioned to himself and his family. Fancy the position of a fashionable doctor's wife, when the fashionable doctor rejects his guineas and allows his family to sink gradually into poverty!

Hahnemann, however, had decided that he had no right to risk the lives of others in order that he and his might live. But he was not going to abandon the fight. All he wanted was time to enable him to study until reason, or perhaps even accident, should point the way to the true method.

In order to maintain himself and his family during the long struggle that was before him, Hahnemann translated the chief medical works of France and England into German. For these labours he received but a scanty remuneration, and during a number of years he was in the habit of sleeping only one night in two, so that he might have time to work for his daily bread and also to continue those inquiries which were the great object of his life.

At this period Hahnemann's children fell sick, of an apparently incurable illness; and, whether the affection of the father for his children quickened the intellect of the man of science or whether the sequence was the work of chance, certain it is that the malady of the doctor's little boy and girl was quickly followed by the discovery of the homeopathic principle, and that, by the application of that principle he succeeded in curing them.

One day, when Hahnemann was translating Cullen's "Materia Medica," he was struck by the different and contradictory hypotheses as to the action of quinine on the human system. He resolved to try the effect himself. He swallowed a large dose of the febrifuge, and some hours afterwards found himself in a fever. A few days afterwards he repeated the dose, and the fever became intermittent. Then, by combining other doses, he succeeded in driving the fever away and bringing it back at certain intervals.

Hahnemann next gave quinine to his friends—for he had still some friends left—and found that it produced fever in all of them.

Similar experiments with other medicines gave similar results. Every specific produced the very illness it also cured, and thus Hahnemann arrived at his great principle that "Like cures like" (*Similia similibus curantur*).

Hahnemann found the reward he might have expected. He was persecuted by the ordinary doctors, the allopathists, and insulted by their stanchest adherents, the mob. During fifteen years he scarcely entered the streets of Koethen, where he resided, but remained from year to year shut up in his house.

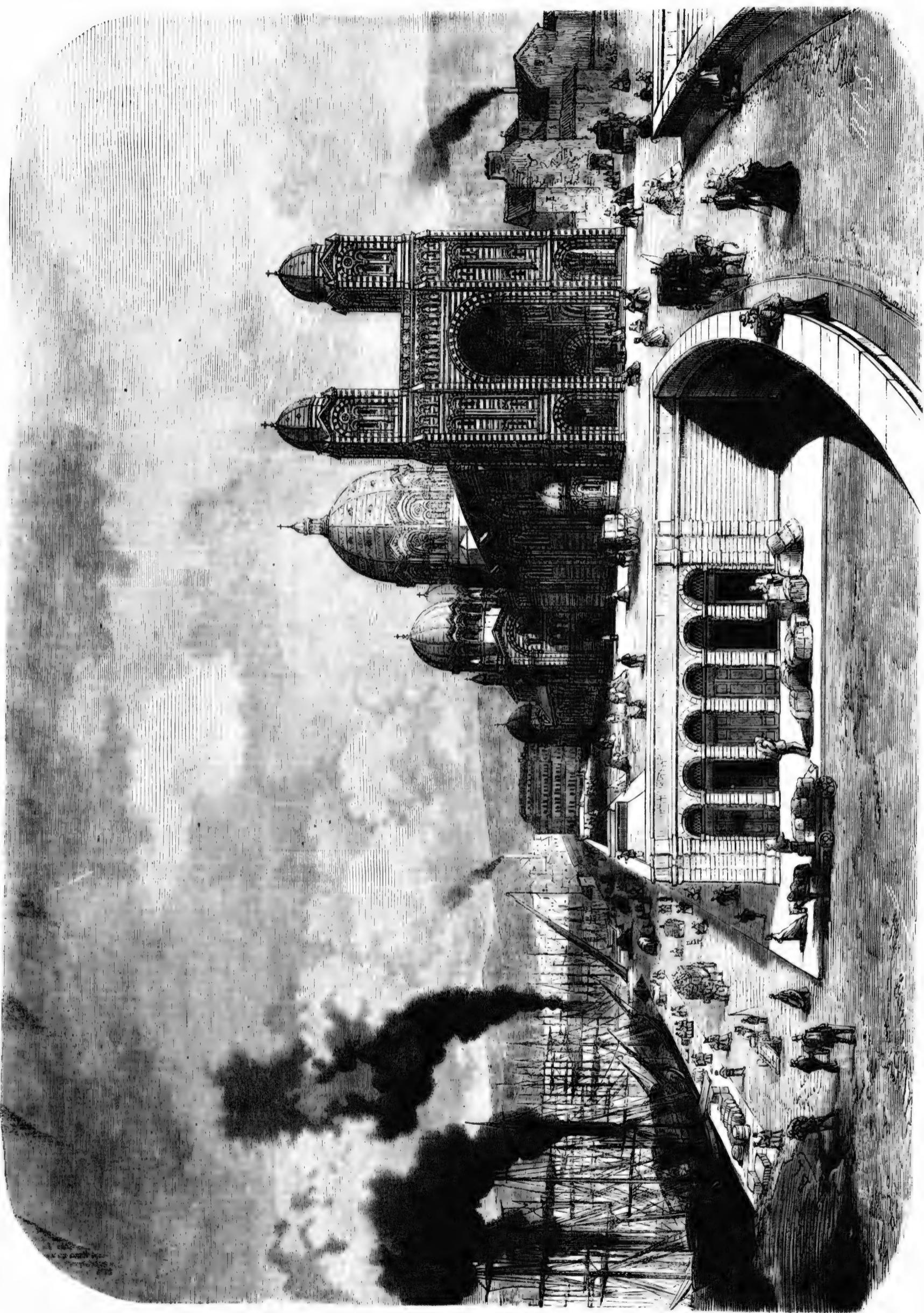
At last, in 1835 (he was then seventy-eight years of age!), the ability of his writings and the noise of his wonderful cures combined to spread his name throughout the whole of Europe. Patients hurried to Koethen from all parts of the globe, and in such numbers that at last, in pure self-defence, Hahnemann was obliged to fly, secretly and by night, from his native land. Accompanied by his second wife, a French woman, he went to Paris, where he remained until his death, and where his system has at length been adopted in two of the public hospitals.

In London it is still common to hear homeopathy spoken of with contempt, and as if its originator had not been a man of science but a lunatic. We have no intention of introducing a medical discussion into these pages, but it is worth mentioning that at the Hospice Beaujon, in the same year, out of 1900 patients treated homeopathically only eighty-five died; while out of the same number treated according to the ordinary system, there died as many as 113. Some persons argue that the globules administered by the homeopaths are so infinitesimal that the medicine can have no effect whatever, and that the secret of the system consists really in giving no medicine at all. Even then if homeopathy kills, or fails to cure, fewer persons than are lost under the present system of allopathy, or treatment by *dissimilars*, it surely ought to be honoured. It is a bad thing to take medicine at all; but a terrible thing to take it when it would have been better, scientifically speaking, to have left it untouched.

ONE OF MANY SUCH.—"As I rode away from this hill, over which the charnel-house smell of death was already breathing, I saw a huge Kentuckian weeping bitterly over a dead rebel. 'Sir,' I exclaimed, 'look at your dead comrades lying all around.' 'True,' he said, as he wiped his eyes and pointed to a dead Union officer, 'there is my brother, shot by this man; I shot him in return. He is my cousin and boyhood companion. I weep for my brother and bosom friend.' This is but one of the many affecting scenes I have witnessed on the battle-field."—Correspondent, *New York Herald*.

A PAIR OF COOL CUSTOMERS.—One Mr. Wilson, a shoemaker, at Matamangi, New Zealand (the north island), states that "on Nov. 5 two natives came into his shop and asked to see some boots. One of them fitted himself with a pair and said he would take them. He added that he did not intend to pay for them, and (says the shoemaker), as one had a double-barrelled gun and the other a tomahawk, and I and the boys were unarmed, I could only threaten them with the law. He laughed and said he did not care for that. I believe they are two of the prisoners of war that lately escaped."

THE MOST MARVELLOUS STORY IN THE WORLD.—Some gentlemen were dining together and relating their travelling adventures. One of them dealt so much in the marvellous that it induced another to give him a lesson. "I was once," said he, "engaged in a skirmishing party in America. I advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Indians in pursuit of me. The horrors of the tomahawk in the hands of angry savages took possession of my mind. I considered for a moment what was to be done. Most of us love life, and mine was both precious and useful to my family. I was swift of foot, and fear added to my speed. After looking back—for the country was an open one—I at length perceived that one of my enemies had outrun the other; and the well-known saying, 'Divide and conquer,' occurring to me, I slackened my speed and allowed him to come up. We engaged in mutual fury. I hope none here (bowing to his auditors) will doubt the result. In a few minutes he lay a corpse at my feet. In this short space of time the two Indians had advanced upon me, so I took again to my heels—not from cowardice, I was forced to give up, for on looking back I saw one of my pursuers far before the other. I waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Indian shared the fate of the first. I had now only one enemy to deal with, but I felt fatigued, and, being near the wood, I was more desirous to save my own life than destroy another of my fellow-creatures. I plainly perceived smoke curling up among the trees; I redoubled my speed; I prayed to Heaven; I felt assured my prayers would be granted; but at this moment the yell of the Indian's voice sounded in my ears—I even thought I felt his warm breath. There was no choice: I turned round."—Here the gentleman who had related the wonderful stories at first grew impatient past all endurance, and called out, "Well, Sir, and you killed him also?" "No, Sir; he killed me!"—*American Paper*.



THE NEW CATHEDRAL AT MARSEILLES.

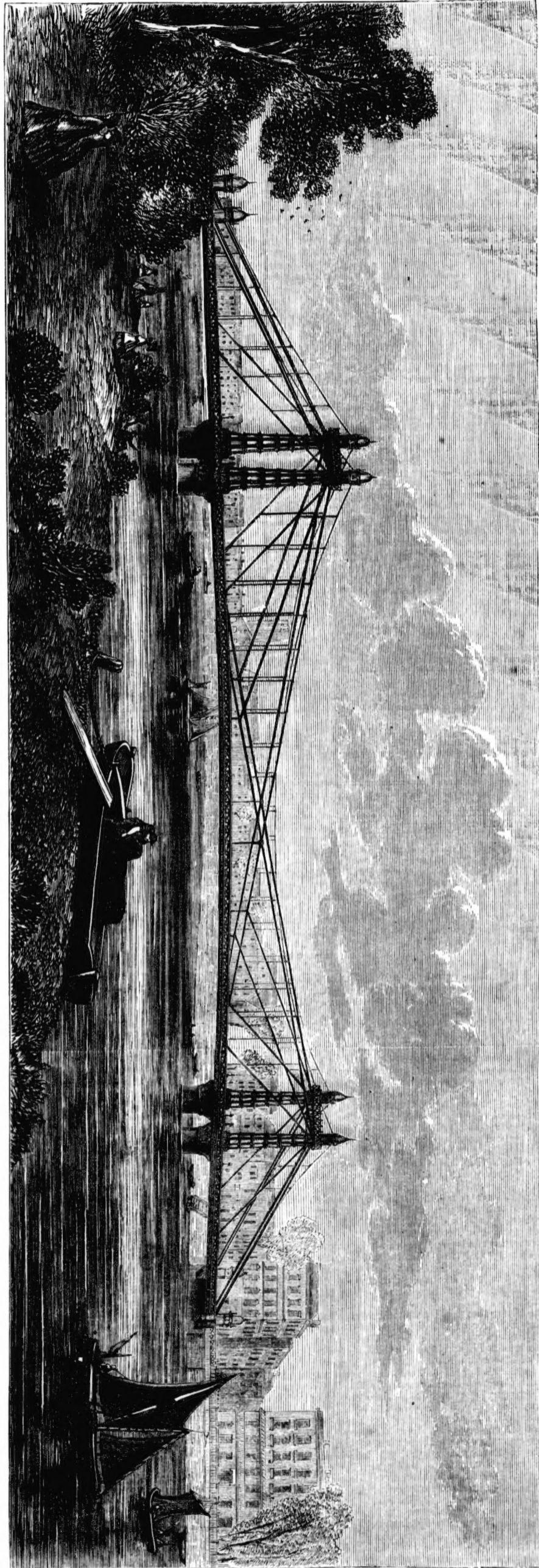
THE PROPOSED ALBERT BRIDGE AT CHELSEA.

In the beginning of last year an Act of Parliament was obtained for constructing a new bridge from Chelsea to Battersea, to be called the "Albert Bridge," and of the design for which we this week publish the following details of the intended structure:—

"The Albert Bridge is proposed to be constructed over the River Thames, between the present Chelsea Suspension Bridge, and the old Battersea Bridge, from Oakley-street, Chelsea, to Albert-road, on the west side of Battersea Park. Its projection formed part of the many valuable schemes of improvement which engaged the attention and received the sanction of the late Prince Consort. The Prince Albert-road is certainly the finest approach to Hyde Park, and its completion will be effected by a continuation through Onslow-square and Oakley-street to the Albert Bridge, and thence across the river to Albert-road, Battersea Park. It has been suggested that the site of the bridge could be made the terminus of the Thames Embankment. We have no doubt it could, for a time, and that an embankment thus far up the river would be a splendid public improvement.

"The bridge is designed on the principle known as the 'rigid suspension-bridge.' In this system the main girders, carrying the roadway, are suspended by straight inclined chains, or bars, which pass over the towers, and in straight lines, to the anchorage in the abutments. There is no curve in the main chains, or bars, as in ordinary suspension-bridge chains; therefore, there can be no motion or vertical wave in the roadway from any passing load, except that due from direct tension and consequent extensibility of the iron by the strain caused by that load. In an ordinary suspension-bridge a fall of the roadway occurs under the load, from the disturbance of equilibrium in the curved chains as the load moves along the bridge, which cannot be the case in this arrangement. In fact, this principle will give as rigid a bridge as a girder-bridge where the bottom flanges of the main girders are as long as the tension-chains for carrying the roadway and moving loads; therefore the deflection from loads or increase of temperature can be no more than in a trussed bridge.

"The main straight chains, being of great length and of small width and thickness,



THE PROPOSED ALBERT BRIDGE AT CHELSEA.

cannot keep themselves straight, but must be so kept either by struts from the roadway or be suspended from above. Mr. R. M. Ordish, of the firm of Ordish and Le Feuvre, engineers to the bridge, proposes to keep the suspension chains straight by hanging them at about every 20 ft. from a curved chain above, knowing well that a curved chain never changes its form after it is permanently loaded—that is, it can have no wave or motion unless a moving load is taken along it. The straight chains are a permanent and unchangeable load, and, being so, cannot change the form of the curved chain when once they are suspended in their proper position. This method of keeping the suspension chains straight was adopted in preference to using struts, as being lighter, cheaper, and giving a far more graceful appearance to the bridge.

"The Albert Bridge is proposed to have three spans or openings, with two piers in the river. The centre opening is 453 ft. 6 in., and each of the two side openings 152 ft. 3 in. Each pier is 16 ft. wide, and the distance between the faces of the abutments 750 ft. In order to insure a good and perfect anchorage for the straight and curved chains, it will be necessary to make each abutment about 115 ft. long. This makes the whole length of works for the bridge 1020 ft. The roadway for vehicles is to be 26 ft. 6 in. wide, and the two footpaths each 6 ft. 9 in., making the whole clear width of bridge 40 ft.

The chains, both straight and curved, will be very similar to ordinary suspension-bridge chains, consisting of a number of links with pins at about every 20 ft., and will be made of the best scrap iron, although the greatest strain that will ever come upon them will be only five tons per square inch of section. We understand that every link will be tested before it is put in place by a strain of twelve tons per square inch of section, and that, should any bar or link show any permanent set with that strain, it will not be used in this bridge. In fact, this part of the work will be tested to nearly two-and-a-half times the greatest strain that will ever come upon it from the calculated load when in place.

The chains will be connected to wrought-iron saddles on the tops of the towers, and these saddles will be very similar to the saddles of ordinary suspension-bridges; they will ride upon rollers on the roller-plates, and will thus allow any strain from any part of the bridge to pass to the anchorage without giving any, except vertical, strain to the cast-iron towers. In order to insure the rollers

working with as much freedom as possible, they will always be in a tank of oil: the bed-plate on which they roll will have vertical sides of wrought-iron plates, thus forming the oil-tanks. Each tower will have two sets of saddles—that is, one set for the straight chains, and another set some distance above for the curved chains, the curved chains being, of necessity, some distance above in order to suspend the straight chains.

"The main, or longitudinal girders, which carry the cross-girders, are to be made in a rather peculiar manner. The part against which the cross-girders are riveted—that is, the lower part of the web, from level of roadway to bottom flange, is to be of solid wrought-iron plate; and the upper part of the web, from level of footpath to top flange, will be lattice girder work.

"The reason for making the webs of these main girders open at top and close at bottom was to give a very light appearance. The girders are sufficiently deep to receive and hide the ends of the cross-girders, and form the parapet of the bridge. The bridge is well braced horizontally, and can have no motion sideways. The cross-girders will be placed about 6 ft. apart, on the top flanges of which, for the roadway, will be bolted pieces of timber, to which 6-in. planking will be spiked. It is intended to spike wooden blocks 4 in. thick to the 6-in. planking, after bedding them in a thin layer of asphalt and sawdust. The spaces between the blocks will be filled in with a composition of asphalt and sand. The footways will simply be of 3-in. plank, covered with a layer of asphalt and grit. The amount of wrought-iron that is required for the bridge is about 11,600 tons, and cast-iron 1050 tons.

"The abutments will be of brickwork and concrete, on timber platforms and piles driven into the hard London clay. Cells will be formed in the brickwork to receive the concrete, which is added principally for weight. Great care will be taken that sufficient space will be allowed all round the chains in the abutments for inspection and painting to be done at any time. It is highly objectionable to have ironwork in any case so built in that it can never be inspected or painted, especially where it is subject to moisture. Each pier is to be constructed with two cast-iron cylinders, 22 ft. diameter at the lowest part, and 16 ft.

capped with stone blocks, at about level of roadway, to receive the cast-iron towers. The towers for carrying the suspension chains are to be of

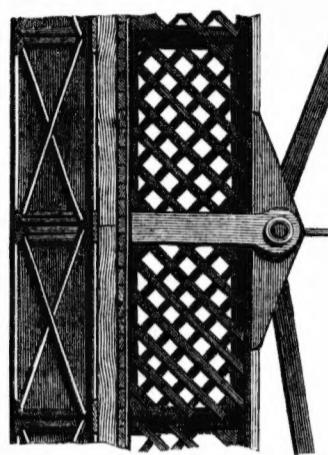
ornamental cast-iron work.

"This bridge, when carried out in accordance with the designs, will be a very pleasing work of art, as well as being of novel construction. No bridge of this construction has yet been erected, but there is no doubt its principle is perfectly correct, and will do all its engineers promise if constructed with a due regard to strength and durability.

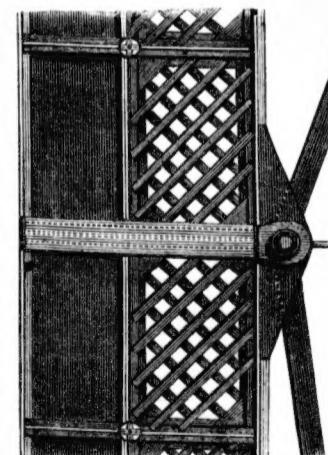
"The company incorporated for the purpose of constructing the bridge commences with a capital of £90,000, taking powers to borrow further amounts if necessary. Arrangements have been entered into by the company for the purchase of Battersea Bridge for a rent-charge of £5000 per annum, with the option, at any time, of purchasing such rent-charge at twenty years' purchase, the tolls of the Battersea Bridge being collected by and reverting to the Albert Bridge Company. The contract has been let to Messrs. Holbrook and Co., of Chelsea, who will commence the works in the spring of the present year."

THE NEW CATHEDRAL AT MARSEILLES.

It is not only Paris which is being transformed into a magnificent city under the Second Empire; for, great as are the improvements in the capital, some of the other principal French cities are undergoing similar changes, and, notably, the most important of them all, Marseilles. This great commercial entrepot, and seaport, standing at the foot of its semicircular range of hills, and guarded by the fortresses of Château d'If, Pomègue, and Ratonneau, has never till now, been remarkable for architectural beauties. It is true that, while the old town, built on the declivity of a hill, was full of great tall houses and narrow crooked streets, the thoroughfares of the new town were wide and regular, and that many of the houses were handsome, but of public buildings there were few of any importance. The great attractions now, however—some of them being improvements and others altogether new edifices—are the Hospital of Charity, the Hotel Dieu, the Palace of Longchamps (with its fine gardens, museum, and picture gallery), the picturesque additions to the Zoological Gardens, and the ex-



SECTION OF THE INSIDE OF THE BRIDGE.



SECTION OF THE OUTSIDE OF THE BRIDGE.

The most notable addition to the city, however, is the new cathedral represented in our illustration. This is, however, the only church in the whole city which deserves any particular mention on architectural grounds.

The most ancient of the sacred edifices of Marseilles was the Church La Major, better known as that of Sainte Marie. It has been conjectured that this building was originally a temple of Diana, and its archives go to prove that it afterwards bore the name of Saint Lazare, after the brother of Mary and Martha, who, it was said, went to preach the gospel at Marseilles in the year 44, and was the first bishop of the town. His bones are supposed to be still preserved in the reliquary of the cathedral.

The primitive name of the church was changed on the institution of the festival of the Assumption, and on that occasion took the title of Sainte Marie. It has been several times repaired and beautified, while many important additions were made to the main building in such a manner that the ancient edifice was preserved with many indications of its original character. It was so utterly decayed, however, that some complete reconstruction became absolutely necessary, and in 1843 it was determined to commence operations for that purpose. In 1845 M. Léon Baudoyer, the well-known architect who superintended the building of the Conservatoire at Paris, was commissioned to prepare plans and to determine the most suitable site for a new cathedral. The sum of a million francs was voted by the municipal council for defraying the expenses of the work, which was, however, postponed in consequence of the events of 1848. In 1852, however, the Emperor (then President of the Republic) visited the city, and, seeing how great was the necessity for a cathedral, himself laid the foundation-stone of the new edifice on the 25th of September in the same year. At the same time it was decreed that "the Cathedral of Marseilles shall be constructed on its present site and in proportion to the growth of the population and the importance of this great town." For this purpose, a "crédit extraordinaire" of 2,500,000 francs was instituted, and any further expense was to be defrayed by the town. The entire cost of the edifice has been nearly 7,000,000 francs.

The sacred edifice is raised on a platform which commands the Quay la Joliette, above which it rises to a height of about 30 ft. The basement of this esplanade is occupied by shops and commercial warehouses, and the vast elevation of the cathedral permits it to be seen from a great distance out at sea. The form of the building is that of a Latin cross, and it is surmounted by a magnificent central dome, while one of smaller proportions occupies each arm of the cross. The principal façade consists of a grand porch, under which opens the principal door, while the secondary doors are situated respectively at the foot of each tower. The width of the nave at the basement is above 50 ft, and it is divided into three aisles furnished with galleries. The height of the nave, to the keystone, is about 82 ft, and the total length of the building is 455 ft, measuring from the exterior. The length of the transept is 163 ft, and the total height of the dome, from the basement to the summit of the cross, is nearly 200 ft. The divisions of the interior include, beside the choir, two great chapels parallel to the choir itself, one of which is devoted to the use of the Chapter. There are, in all, twelve chapels—one of which is intended for the ceremony of baptism, and one for the celebration of funeral rites. The chapel dedicated to the Virgin is placed directly over the crypt. The style of architecture is somewhat of the Byzantine order, and serves, in some degree, to recall the appearance of the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople and that of St. Mark at Venice; and it may be considered appropriate that the city of Marseilles should display some notable example of Oriental art.

The exterior of the church displays a variety of colours in bands, like those which ornament the mosques of Cairo; and there is something quite in keeping between this variety of tints and the glowing sky of Marseilles.

The materials of which the interior is composed will also well consort with the paintings with which the roof will be decorated, and the Emperor has already expressed his entire satisfaction with the work in all its details.

OPERAS AND PANTOMIMES.

THE new operetta, entitled "Constance," is said to be highly successful. Not having heard it, we abstain, according to our well-known custom in such cases, from passing an opinion upon it. For the present, we will simply mention that the music is by Mr. Clay; the libretto by Mr. Thomas Robertson, the author of "David Garrick," &c.; and that the scene of the operetta is laid in Poland. We do not know whether Mr. Clay has introduced any specially Polish features into his score; but every "partition" suggests Poland, as a matter of course.

In the meanwhile, both the English Opera-houses are crowded every night by the admirers of pantomime. It is often said, and with a certain amount of truth, that opera is gradually superseding every other form of the drama. Tragedies and comedies are still represented occasionally. But we never hear of a new tragedy of the traditional five-act pattern, and in England all the authors who might, under other circumstances, be producing comedies of some kind or other, are engaged in novel-writing. On the other hand, every musical composer in the present day who can write anything worth hearing (there are exceptions, but very few) writes for the stage. Operas, too, are represented far more perfectly (we are speaking now of our Italian theatres) than any spoken dramas. Altogether, the opera has never exercised a greater prestige than in the present day, in spite of which the attractiveness of English opera is not to be compared with that of pantomime.

How is it that opera flourishes so much more in one European country than in another? What form of Government, or rather what state of society, would seem to be most favourable to its development? In England opera perished with Charles I., and was not revived until the Restoration. In France, where the Revolution had not a religious, but an anti-religious character, the execution of Louis XVI. was celebrated by an operatic performance, and the playbills for the occasion were headed "Death to the Tyrant!"

Republics have sometimes encouraged and benefited opera, no doubt; but not republics of the democratic pattern. Even in the monarchical republics of Poland and Hungary, where, however, a mass of freeholders, constituting a sort of nobiliary democracy, really governed the land, the opera never took root. The gentlemen of the country had their political and military duties to attend to, and they, moreover, gathered round no common centre. Each great proprietor was king in his own domain, and had his own court, and probably his own troop of musicians, but not his own opera company.

If the Hungarian noble went to Vienna, where his Sovereign held Court as Emperor of Germany, and made up his own budget, he found an opera maintained in truly Imperial style. So the Pole, under Augustus II. and Augustus III., if he visited the German capital of his Saxon King, could attend an opera which was celebrated for possessing the first orchestra in the world. For there was a brilliant Court at Dresden, and the Dresden orchestra was paid out of the revenue of the Prince, who enjoyed the right of taxing his German subjects at his own free will. After all, then, opera may be said in many countries to have had a popular origin; for it is out of the money taken from the people in the shape of taxes that the expense of establishing it has been defrayed. Probably there is nothing essentially antagonistic between Republicanism and the opera; but, in Europe, we generally associate Republicanism with furious and unavailing attempts to establish a Republic; and music, like other arts, cannot be cultivated with advantage in times of tumult and turmoil. Moreover, the utility of opera is not apparent at first sight to the vulgar eye; and modern democratic Republicans are, generally speaking, either careless about music or simply detest it.

Undoubtedly we have many political and commercial advantages that other nations do not possess; but our operatic position in Europe is very low indeed, and it is difficult to understand how it is ever to be raised. We are thinking now not of our Italian opera,

but of the various attempts that have been made to establish one permanent English opera among us. The fact is, the Anglo-Saxon race does not seem to care very much for music. It cares a good deal for politics, commerce, and horseracing; and a good deal for bread-and-cheese and beer; but the rich do not go to the opera quite so much as in other countries, and the poor are not so fond of singing and dancing as in other countries. The English peasant "amuses himself sadly." He eats and drinks, but never, on his holiday, dances or sings—unless it be a drinking-song song when he is drunk. He is taught, to be sure, that it is wicked to sing (or even to whistle) on a Sunday; but, allowing for the effect of the clerical veto, it remains a fact that he is less gay than either the Irish peasant, who is not nearly so well off in a material point of view, or the Russian peasant, who, except in the matter of gaiety, would seem to be inferior to him in every respect.

There are musical and unmusical races, no doubt; and the Anglo-Saxon race, whose power has been manifested and universally acknowledged in poetry, in oratory, and in every branch of literature and science, has never yet been recognised by other races as possessing any great aptitude for music. The only composers of English operas who are known and appreciated on the Continent are Messrs. Balfe and Wallace, both Irishmen, of Celtic race.

If race has nothing to do with the question, certainly climate and geographical position have not. Thus, Germany is a great musical country, and also Italy; while France, which lies between the two, has never until quite lately, and after much study and State patronage, had the slightest claim to be so considered.

But how, it may be asked, on the other hand, does it come to pass that, while the Germans are a great musical nation, having produced the very greatest composers, and celebrated even now for the immense amount of musical knowledge spread among them; that, at the same time, their cousins, many times removed (but still their cousins) in England have no musical reputation at all, and, comparatively speaking, no musical talent. Probably the want of a good national system of musical instruction is at the bottom of our musical, and especially operatic, poverty. However this may be, an operetta by Mr. Clay has just been brought out, an operetta by Mr. Frank Mori is promised; and it is really not the fault of the managers if the audiences prefer short operas and long pantomimes to short pantomimes (or no pantomimes at all) and operas of the usual dimensions.

PROPOSED NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday evening Captain Sherard Osborn read a paper advocating a new Polar exploring expedition. Arctic discovery, Captain Osborn said, must always excite a deep interest among those who were not "rest-and-be-thankful" men in science, notwithstanding the fate of Sir John Franklin. During thirty-six years of Arctic exploration and out of forty-two expeditions, England had lost only 128 men; and, by ship, boat, and sledge, no fewer than 20,000 miles had been traversed in the search for Franklin. It had been discovered that those regions were inhabited to the utmost limit ever yet reached, and much of the dark and superstitious fears which surrounded exploration in those quarters was disappearing. Our sailors were now rather anxious than otherwise to take part in these Arctic discoveries, which were really less dangerous than almost any other. Greenland, not Spitzbergen, was the point of departure for further explorations which he would recommend. In 1853, Dr. Kane entered Smith's Sound in the Advance; and M'Clintock, Beecher, and others, with not less than 400 British subjects, were at that time within the Arctic regions. But Kane's expedition, although full of enthusiasm, was deficient in supplies and equipment, and therefore the sufferings which he endured ought not to deter from further discovery in those regions. In 1854, the glacier at the extreme northern point of Greenland reached was named Cape Constitution by Mr. Morton, the only man who reached it. It was said that this was the real northernmost point of Greenland, but he (Captain Osborn) entirely dissent from that view. He held that the land of Greenland extended much further north, but he would accept the calculation which placed Grinnell Land, described by Mr. Morton, within 44 miles from the Pole. There was more probability of land or ice reaching to 87 deg, than that there was an open sea between Grinnell Land and the Pole. On the coast of Greenland, at Murchison Sound, latitude 77.80 deg, were a nation of Arctic highlanders—a hardy race, purely carnivorous, and depending entirely for their food upon the fact of there being there all the year round open water and broken ice. These Arctic highlanders were mild, humane, and even affectionate; and that was another reason for making this the starting-point of future exploration. As to the mode, the expedition ought to be under the Admiralty, and directed by naval discipline; private enterprise and direction would necessarily fail. Besides, Arctic discovery would be a wholesome variety for our Navy, which did not always delight in battle and death. Why should they not, then, ask the Admiralty for two small vessels? If they asked they could get them. Well, they would reach Baffin's Bay in autumn, 1866, and, dividing the work, would prepare, say in 1867, for sledge operation in the great Atlantic regions at present unknown between Cape Parry and the Pole. By 1869 the object of the expedition would be attained. Experience had shown that these sledging operations could be easily carried up to the Pole, and beyond it; and this was Captain M'Clintock's opinion, and Captain M'Clintock was, of all men living, the best calculated to head such an expedition. As to the advantages of this exploration, they had within the unknown space round the Pole 1,380,000 square miles, and whether this was sea or land, or ice, no one knew. Up to the extreme point reached inhabitants were found, and animals which formed their food. The first fruit of the expedition would be to ascertain the human and other life in the basin of the Pole, and no doubt man would there be found as he was in the glacier period. The botany of the sea and of the land, and of the climate of this unknown region, must also be objects of high interest to acquire a knowledge of, especially if, as was probable, the temperature was much lower than might have been anticipated. To solve the mystery of the climate of the Polar basin would be itself an ample reward for the expedition he recommended. He put the question before them, not on grounds of profit and loss; not as to acquisitions of whale blubber and bone, or peltry; but purely upon scientific grounds. If that society should hesitate, let them turn to the Royal Society, and take note of what Colonel Sabine said on the subject. In the expedition he urged every preparation might be made for measurement of an arc of four degrees of the meridian at Smith's Sound, which would go far to supply the desideratum pointed out by Colonel Sabine. A survey of this Arctic sea would, besides, solve an interesting problem with respect to the effect of the Gulf Stream in those extreme northern regions, and would probably result in showing that sea to teem with animal life. In conclusion, he joined with Colonel Sabine in opinion that the discovery of the North Pole remained the greatest problem in geographical exploration; and in hoping that when achieved it would be achieved by an Englishman.

Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Edward Belcher, Colonel Sabine, Lord Dufferin, and other gentlemen expressed approval of the proposal sketched by Captain Osborn.

AMMONIA AS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER.—An apothecary at Nantes has just discovered by the merest accident that ammonia will put out fires. He happened to have about seventy litres of benzine in his cellar, and his boy, in going down carelessly with a light, had set fire to it. Assistance was speedily at hand, and pail after pail of water was being poured into the cellar without producing any effect, when the apothecary himself took up a pail which was standing neglected in a corner and emptied the contents into the cellar. To his astonishment the flames were quenched if by magic, and upon examination he found that the pail, which belonged to his laboratory, had contained a quantity of liquid ammonia. The result is easy to explain on scientific principles; for ammonia, which consists of eighty-two parts of nitrogen and eighteen of hydrogen, is easily decomposed by heat, and the nitrogen thus set free in the midst of conflagration must infallibly put out the flames. A large supply of liquid ammonia properly administered would be the promptest fire extinguisher ever imagined.

OBITUARY.

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.—Frances Anne, Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, died at her residence, Seaham Hall, near Sunderland, on Friday night last. For the last few months she had been suffering from a complication of liver and heart disease. The late Marchioness, as the heiress of the late Sir Harry Vane Tempest, was the possessor of extensive collieries in the county of Durham, and for nearly half a century her name and that of her deceased husband, the Marquis, have been associated with great improvements in the condition of the pit population. Her eldest son, Lord Seaham, who for some years represented North Durham in Parliament, became Earl Vane in 1854, on the death of the Marquis (created an Earl in 1823, with remainder to the male issue of his second marriage); and his son by his first marriage, Lord Castlereagh, succeeded to the marquisate on the same event. Her second son, Lord Adolphus, M.P. for North Durham, died in 1864; and the deceased had also a third son, Ernest, and three daughters. Her eldest daughter and namesake, Frances Anne, married Lord Balfour, in 1843, and is now Duchess of Marlborough. Lady Alexandra, her second daughter, married the Earl of Portarlington; and the third, Lady Adelaide, became the wife of the Rev. Frederick Law, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. All her children survive her, save the member for North Durham.

THE AUTHOR OF "PICCIOLA."—M. Saintine died a few days ago, in Paris, aged sixty-six, honorary president of the Société des Gens de Lettres. The deceased was exceedingly successful as a writer, and his charming tale of "Picciola"—the story of the poor prisoner and the flower which grew up between the stones of his prison-yard—obtained him the Monthyon prize in 1837. He also wrote a number of theatrical pieces, in conjunction with MM. Scribe, Varin, Duvert, Ancelot, &c.; and his name is enduringly connected with several most popular pieces, especially the "Ours et le Pacha" and "Riches d'Amour."

COLONEL CHARRAS.—This once-celebrated personage expired at Basle on Monday morning, of a chronic rheumatic affection of the bowels, which completely baffled medical skill to remove. Formerly a distinguished officer in Algeria, and much liked by his comrades in the French army, Colonel Charras mainly owed his want of promotion to the rank of a General during the reign of Louis Philippe to his openly-expressed Republican opinions. During the Republic inaugurated by the Revolution of 1848 these tendencies of course had a different value, and he soon took up an important position in the State. As secretary to the Minister of War he became the soul of the French military administration under the Republic, and shone in the National Assembly as one of the most decided leaders of the Left, until the coup-d'état of the 2nd of December drove him from the country. For some years he resided in Zurich, and, shortly after his marriage with a Swiss lady, removed to Basle, where he lived in quiet retirement, maintaining an uninterrupted correspondence with his many friends abroad. Upon the Emperor Napoleon issuing an amnesty to all who chose to return to France, Colonel Charras declared that he possessed sufficient patience to await better times in voluntary exile. He occupied his leisure in writing upon military subjects. His critical examination of "The Campaign of 1815" has been greatly extolled. The work was prohibited in France, owing to the freedom with which the author spoke of Bonaparte, but was nevertheless known to a large circle of readers, and went through several editions and translations. A comprehensive treatise upon the German War of Liberation, under the title of "The Campaign of 1813," will appear as a posthumous work.

J. B. NEILSON, ESQ., C.E., F.R.S.—Mr. Neilson, of Queenshill, whose death occurred last week, was a distinguished man, having played an important part in the industrial history of Great Britain, as well as of other nations, during the last half century. He was the inventor of the hot-blast, a discovery of great merit, which has revolutionised the iron trade, and added largely to the sources of wealth and happiness throughout the world. The west of Scotland has specially benefited from the stimulus which this wonder-working invention has given to the development of their mineral treasures during the last thirty-five years. Lanarkshire has become by that means not only one of the largest iron-producing districts in Great Britain, but has vindicated for itself a full share of many of those kindred branches of manufacture out of the raw material of iron which go to enrich an industrious people. In 1829, when the hot-blast was invented, the produce of the smelting-furnaces of Scotland was not more than 29,000 tons per annum. In 1864 the produce was 1,160,000. In 1829 the average selling price of a ton of pig-iron was above £7, while in 1864 it was £2 17s. 3d. A large, if not the largest, portion of this increased production and money saving is to be traced more or less directly to the general adoption of the hot-blast process. By scientific, as well as by practical, men, the hot-blast has been characterised as a "wonderful discovery;" and by one of the leading Scottish ironmasters it has been said to have been "the making of the iron trade of Scotland." In fact, without it the extraordinary seams of blackband ironstone, which Mr. Musket had brought to light in Lanarkshire about the beginning of the century, could not otherwise have been rendered fully available in the production of the superior quality of metal for all foundry uses for which the ironworks in that county are now celebrated. Mr. Neilson was a native of Shettleston, near Glasgow. He was born in 1792, and was brought up as a working mechanic. His education had not been neglected, and he possessed considerable advantages in the fostering care of the late Mr. John Neilson, his elder brother, and in finding employment under various ironmasters of skill, such as Dr. Roebuck and Mr. William Dixon. Some accidental circumstances led him in the course of his studies and experiments to direct his attention to the process of smelting iron, and, after many trials and not a few failures, he ultimately satisfied himself that a vastly increased and improved action of the artificial blast employed in furnaces could be attained by heating the air in its passage from the blowing cylinder into the furnace. This was the hot-blast. Mr. Neilson has also been engaged in extensive and lucrative mining and manufacturing works in and near Glasgow. In 1851 he bought a beautiful small estate in Kirkcudbrightshire, where he since resided.

THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

It appears from Captain Shaw's report, just published, that the number of fires in London in the year 1864 exceeded those of the previous year by eighty-three, and, compared with the average of such casualties for the last thirty-one years, the increase is 646. The inference drawn by Captain Shaw is that our fires increase in an undue ratio to the increase in the number of houses and population. Thus, in a period of twenty-five years, the population of London has increased at the rate of fifty-five per cent and houses at forty-seven per cent. But the annual number of fires in the same period has more than doubled. The number of London fires used to be doubled in every period of eighteen years. Since 1840 it has required twenty-two years to produce the same increase, "and at that point they seem for the present to have taken their stand."

The services of the Fire Brigade were required, during the past year, at 1715 fires. Of these 101 were false alarms, 127 were "chimney alarms," and 1487 were "fires" within the official definition of the accident. But these are again subdivided. The cases of total destruction or serious damage were 402; the term "slightly damaged" applies to the larger number of 1085. But these returns by no means represent the whole of the danger London passed through in 1864. There is a "usual average" of fires, "of which no exact record is kept." There were no less than 4000 of them. To these must be added more than 6000 chimneys on fire. Taking the year through, the services of the establishment are called for once every five hours.

The steam-engine has proved its superiority over the hand-worked machine. Captain Shaw states that it is no longer advisable to maintain horses to draw the old engines, which might as well be drawn, as they must be worked, by hand. The horse-power should be applied to the transport of light steam-machines, and the hand-engine employed as auxiliary to its modern rival. The means of communication by telegraph with all the docks have been completed, and the special lines will soon be extended to the great railways, wharves, and warehouses, in which vast quantities of property are deposited. By the aid of the telegraph the firemen at each station can now be informed of the locality of a fire with much greater certainty than formerly. By means of fixed compasses at each observatory "cross bearings are taken from distant points," and the result sent to the central station in Watling-street. The exact locality is then ascertained by observing on a map the spot at which the lines converge. The process is "simply the reverse of that by which a ship's position is ascertained at sea," and can be easily accomplished in the three minutes occupied in turning out an engine. Captain Shaw also proposes to employ portable telegraphs to communicate between the locality of a fire and the nearest station, and between the man at the branch and the man at the engine. This will do away with the confusion produced by "shouting" the orders. It is important to preserve silence at a fire, and to keep off the crowd that always flock to the spectacle. The City police have lately adopted a mode of keeping the mob off by stretching wire ropes; and, as they are not so much employed to work the engines, they are more under control, and the firemen act quietly in a space cleared and kept clear for their exertions.

AT A CORONER'S INQUEST held lately in the north of England, on the body of a child, the following verdict was given:—"Found dead in a closet, having been born alive but never breathed; and that it died immediately afterwards, from want of proper assistance at the time of its birth."

BUTLER'S SUCCESSOR.—Major-General Ord, the successor to Butler, is a native of Maryland, a Catholic, a graduate of West Point, where he was a classmate of General Hallieck, and his residence is Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Previous to the war he served in California, and was ultra pro-slavery in his views, believing the negro to be little above the brute creation, and going so far in his notions as to entertain the rather novel idea that the scratch from a negro's nail was poison to the white man. In person he is tall and spare, his head covered with a thick growth of iron-grey hair, and his wild, grey eyes, taken in connection with some eccentricities of manner, conveys to many persons who approach him the impression that he may be slightly insane.

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